

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JANUARY 29, 1965

Today's Teen-Agers

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

VOL. 85 NO. 5

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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for Sis

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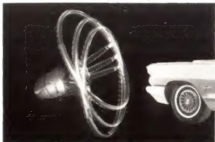
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 27

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.).^{*} Paramount's 1951 movie version of Sidney Kingsley's excellent play *Detective Story*, with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker.

Thursday, January 28

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 9:30-11 p.m.). Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a television adaptation of Emmet Lavery's *The Magnificent Yankee*, a dramatization of the life of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr.

Saturday, January 30

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The World Two-Man Bobbed Championships from St. Moritz and the International Surfing Championships from Makaha Beach, Hawaii.

Sunday, January 31

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN (ABC, 5-6 p.m.). The first in a series of four specials on the world of hunting and fishing.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "The Nisei: The Pride and the Shame," a documentary on the Japanese Americans who were in internment camps in the U.S. during World War II while other Japanese Americans were fighting and dying in the armed services.

WORLD WAR II (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). "Daredevils and Dogfights," the beginnings of war in the air.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The story of Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave who crusaded publicly against slavery and prejudice before, during and after the Civil War.

FOR THE PEOPLE (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). William Shatner plays a prosecuting attorney in a new series that replaces one of the early-season CBS casualties, *Premiere*.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). *One, Two, Three*, Billy Wilder's marvelous spoof about a Coca-Cola exec in West Berlin, featuring a virtuoso performance by James Cagney.

Monday, February 1

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Richard Haydn guest-stars as a mild-mannered threat to U.N.C.L.E.

Tuesday, February 2

THE RED SKELTON HOUR (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Francomine Marcel Marceau appears in four of his favorite sketches and plays Pinocchio to Red Skelton's Gepetto as well.

THEATER

On Broadway

PETERPAT, by Enid Rudd. In olden days, man fought *Tyrannosaurus rex*; nowadays he battles *Tyrannosaurus regina*—his wife. With Dick Shawn and Joan Hackett deftly handling the key roles, this wry, observant comedy argues with cogeneity that marriage is funny as hell.

TINY ALICE. Mystification is the end result of Edward Albee's quasi-metaphysical suspense melodrama centering on the relationship between a lay brother (John Giel-

god) and the richest woman in the world (Irene Worth). The burden of feeling rests on the language and a supremely competent cast.

HUGHIE. Jason Robards and Eugene O'Neill prove incomparable stage mates once again in this engrossing and poignant study of a man's need for a false mirror wherein he may see himself as he is not.

POOR RICHARD. Alan Bates plays a lovely lush and a poet pursued—by his own doubts and remorse, plus a sweet honey-blondie. He conquers his qualms and loses to her winning ways in Jean Kerr's sporadically amusing comedy.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. In Bill Manhoff's sly interpretation of the mating ritual, a saucy prostitute (Diana Sands) runs circles around a stuffy book clerk (Alan Alda). To his horror and the playgoer's amusement, he helps her trap him.

LUV. Mike Nichols, a matchless director of comedy, contributes mightily to Schizgal's lie-down-on-my-couch-and-let-me-tell-you-all-about-myself farce. Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin keep the humor quotient high.

Off Broadway

WAR AND PEACE. The life force of a great novel surges through this APA at the Phoenix rendering of the Tolstoy classic. The tone and thematic intent of the work have been preserved, and the performances of Sydney Walker as old Prince Bolkonski and Rosemary Harris as Natasha are supremely good.

TARTUFFE. While Molière has suffered a slight miscarriage of aesthetic justice in this broad and bouncy Lincoln Center presentation of his biting and bitter comedy, the performance of Michael O'Sullivan in the title role is a splendidly surrealistic wedding of malice and humor.

BABES IN THE WOOD. Rick Besoyan's vaudeville version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is more akin to Minsky than Shakespeare. The humor is broad, the music is gay, the mood is light. The groundlings would have loved it.

THE SLAVE AND THE TOILET caters to the white mentality that masculinistically enjoys being reviled for injustice to Negroes. With painful intention, LeRoi Jones dramatizes both naked hate and the interracial love that dare not speak its name.

RECORDS

Opera

BIZET: CARMEN (3 LPs: Angel). Three reigning sopranos have now recorded the rich mezzo role with distinction and distinct differences. The newest Carmen, Maria Callas, lacks the heavenly beauty of Victoria de los Angeles and the earthy sensuousness of Leontyne Price. She is a hellcat, the most devilish and ruthless gypsy of the three. With Nicolai Gedda as an earnest and poetic Don José, Callas leads a French cast of no great distinction, but Georges Prêtre, conducting the orchestra of the Paris Opéra, deserves the *Légion d'honneur*. He makes the light, bright passages sparkle with Gallic *esprit*, and is still able to sound the tocsins of destiny.

RICHARD STRAUSS: THE WOMAN WITHOUT A SHADOW (4 LPs: Deutsche Grammophon). The complex, symbol-studded story is about an empress who tries to buy the

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shadow of a poor dyer's wife. If she gives up her shadow, the symbol of fertility, the dyer's wife must forgo motherhood; the dilemma causes her unborn children to plead with her in one of the eeriest passages in all opera. The technically and emotionally harrowing soprano roles are marvelously sung by Ingrid Bjoner (the empress) and Inge Borch (the dyer's wife) while Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is impressive as the saintly dyer. Recorded during a performance, the voices sometimes overwhelm the orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera, but Conductor Joseph Keilberth still whips plenty of excitement into the lavish score.

MAUREEN FORRESTER SINGS OPERATIC ARIAS AND SONGS (Westminster). Forrester grandly pours her lustrous contralto into the heroic and tragic molds of Handel, Gluck and Purcell. She is capable of subtle shadings and is especially expressive in the superb threnody of the queen in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. The accompaniment, with its darkly descending chromatic passages, is played by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Robert Zeller.

THE AGE OF BEL CANTO (2 L.P.s., London). A festive addition to the current revival of "beautiful singing," these 23 arias, duets and trios are by familiar composers (Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Handel) as well as unfamiliar ones (Puccini, Lampugnani, Bononcini, Shield). Joan Sutherland is the heroine of the album, her brilliant voice describing perfect arabesques in the stratosphere. Richard Conrad's flowing tenor blends beautifully with hers, and there is also ample opportunity to judge the fast-rising Mezzo-Soprano Marilyn Horne, whose range, power and flexibility are formidable but who is not yet in the same galaxy as Sutherland.

WAGNER, KUNDY/PARSIFAL DUET (RCA Victor). Among all her recordings, this 25-year-old reissue was Kirsten Flagstad's favorite. Lauritz Melchior is her Parsifal, awakened to his holy search by her kiss and, one would think, by her voice.

CINEMA

NOTHING BUT A MAN. The anguishing reality of how it feels to be inside the skin of an American Negro is forcefully conveyed in the story of a proud but imperfect man (Ivan Dixon) who tries to run away from the whites, his wife and his own color.

MARRIAGE—ITALIAN STYLE. A slut's progress from a bawdyhouse to a legal bed takes 20 years, but time passes quickly—thanks to Director Vittorio De Sica (*Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*) and his well-tempered stars, Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG. All the soulful clichés of young love shimmer with freshness and style in this splashy, sparkling French musical by Director Jacques Demy.

WORLD WITHOUT SUN. In this fascinating, full-color documentary by Oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau (*The Silent World*), seven oceanauts spend a month in the manfish bowl full fathom five below the surface.

GOLDFINGER. In another exuberant travesty of Ian Fleming's fiction, James Bond (Sean Connery) braves a mad Midas and some hilariously horrible sight gags.

ZORBA THE GREEK. The hell, the horror and the sheer animal delight of Nikos Kazantzakis' novel are served up larger than life by Director Michael Cacoyannis.

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with Anthony Quinn magnificently cast as the goutish old Greek who butts his way through a series of disasters.

SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. Kim Stanley simultaneously masters the dark arts of bitchery, poignancy and deadly menace in a thriller about a demented psychic who conjures up a kidnapping plot.

BOOKS

Best Reading

PRINCE EUGEN OF SAVOY, by Nicholas Henderson. A polished biography of the Paris-born Savoyard who, after Louis XIV felt he was too frail for military service, defected to become the Habsburgs' top general and Louis' greatest nemesis.

JONATHAN SWIFT, by Nigel Dennis. The horror and tragedy of the God-haunted cleric who was English literature's most powerful ironist, consummately examined by a noted contemporary British satirist.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS OF JEAN MACAQUE, by Stuart Cloete. A series of bittersweet fables of love, stylishly narrated by a fictional philandering journalist who believes that "with enough beds, there might be no battlefields."

LOVE AND REVOLUTION, by Max Eastman. The autobiography of a onetime radical editor and longtime happy warrior against repression, be it sexual (he once shared a mistress with Charlie Chaplin) or Communist.

A COVENANT WITH DEATH, by Stephen Becker. A tale of two murder trials told with convincing characterization and uncommon wit behind a smooth façade of Perry Masonry.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE, edited by E. W. Tedlock Jr. In the correspondence and other collected writings of his wife, D. H. Lawrence is pictured as more prig than immoralist, she as a lesser but fascinating Lawrence heroine.

THE FOUNDING FATHER, by Richard Whalen. The thorough chronicle of how Joseph P. Kennedy, the son of a barkeeper-politician, became a millionaire financier and the father of a President.

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY, by John O'Hara. Though he has written so many short stories that they are now debased by the illusion of sameness, O'Hara still gives the sting of fresh work to this, his fourth assemblage within four years.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
3. The Man, Wallace (6)
4. The Horse Knows the Way, O'Hara (5)
5. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (7)
6. This Rough Magic, Stewart (4)
7. Condy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
8. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré
9. Julian, Vidal (8)
10. Armageddon, Uris (9)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Italians, Barzini (3)
4. The Kennedy Years, The New York Times and Viking Press (5)
5. The Founding Father, Whalen
6. My Autobiography, Chaplin (4)
7. Life with Picasso, Gilot and Luke (8)
8. The Words, Sartre (7)
9. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (6)
10. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (10)

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LETTERS

Fulbright's Debate

Sir: Your cover story on Senator Fulbright [Jan. 22] was brilliant. I admire and respect him for his interpretation of foreign affairs. The world certainly needs men who educate themselves and others by "thinking those unthinkable thoughts."

BJÖRN LINDSTAD

Gentofte, Denmark

Sir: Senator Fulbright hopes for an improvement in the political and military situation, but does not offer a plan for attaining it. He opposes getting out of Viet Nam and opposes escalating the war. He wants to continue present policy, and hopes for an improvement in this situation that deteriorates daily. Evidently our chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has neither plan nor plot, but merely hope. I too hope, I hope that he and we will form a positive strategy and pursue it. But I am getting less and less hopeful.

BERT SHAPIRO

San Francisco

Sir: If it is true that Maxwell Taylor, in talking to a group of "Young Turk" generals in Saigon, used the rough manner described in your articles, then this is a matter for grave concern. Such condensation is reminiscent of the arrogance and high-handed attitude of French officials in dealing with our people on many occasions. This French arrogance brought them utter defeat in Indo-China and sowed hatred among the Vietnamese for many years to come.

DO NGUYEN ANH

Saigon

Sir: The "quiet escalation" in Laos will eventually lead to a confrontation between the Paper Tiger and the Red Dragon—and this time it won't stop at a 38th parallel. There's too much at stake.

ANTHONY PEDERSON

Waterville, Iowa

Sir: Re the "neutralization" policy advanced by Lippmann and Morgenthau, I disagree with your implication that if the U.S. "dismissed" Asia and Africa as "soft regions," then it would be only a matter of time before the U.S. would also consider Europe and the Americas in the same light. The histories of Europe and the Americas have been too closely interconnected with that of the U.S. for it to suddenly chuck the solid ties of friendship and cooperation presently existing among

them. Private U.S. investment capital in Europe and the Americas alone would preclude any "dismissal" of these areas as secondary to the core interests of the U.S. Even if the U.S. were to "write off" these areas as soft regions, there would be scant likelihood of their developing Communist political systems at least of the Moscow-Peking variety. Present tendencies in Europe and the Americas are toward a more nationalistic brand of Communism and socialism.

FRANK KEM

College, Alaska

The New Congress

Sir: You, your artist, and staff writers produced a splendid article on Congress' Majority Leader Carl Albert [Jan. 15]. Serving as Mr. Albert's pastor, I have had the opportunity of coming to know and understand him. My wife and I agree that while the artist made him look too fat, the genuine warmth and integrity that makes him the remarkable leader he is did shine through both the painting and article in a fine way.

RICHARD E. GIBBENS

Grand Avenue Methodist Church
McAlester, Okla.

Sir: Your article on Carl Albert and the Johnson program was most enlightening. It points up, however indirectly, that the President intends to follow the path of his predecessors in worrying about the domestic areas only and ignoring or playing down the foreign situations. Such attitudes in the past failed to prevent Hitlerism, Pearl Harbor and Korea. Is history going to repeat itself?

TERRY C. THOMAS

Lowry A.F.B., Colo.

Sir: Cover Artist Boris Chaliapin successfully captures the dilemma of the Republican Party on the Jan. 15 cover. Not only are they fighting against the obvious 2-1 Democratic majority in Congress, but also against a hidden third force in the split within their own ranks. Could another elephant out of the painting be helping the two donkeys pull down the poor elephant?

LANE G. LENARD

Geneva, N.Y.

Sir: What a pair we've got now! An ineffectual Senate majority leader and a part-time Democrat as Senate majority whip. Long suddenly observes that the Civil War is over, and that we live in a

"changing world" where "things move." He'd be great at forecasting trends!

MONNIE F. ANDERSON

London

Sir: You note that critics complain that House Minority Leader Ford is "ruled solely by ambition." It has been my pleasure to know and work with Congressman Ford for the last 15-odd years. If I were to criticize Jerry Ford, it would be because he has deferred his personal ambition many times to the ambitions of others.

WALTER J. RUSSELL

Grand Rapids

Society Sources

Sir: Perhaps the President's "Great Society" phrase has as its source [Jan. 15] the medieval preaching of Englishman John Ball on social reform that led to the so-called Peasants' Revolt of 1381. Some historians note that the phrase was indeed in use at the time of that ill-fated event, and L.B.J. might have done well to look up its outcome: John Ball was drawn and quartered, and Wat Tyler's head was impaled upon London Bridge.

K. L. ROPER

Reno

Sir: Van Wyck Brooks in his *Letters and Leadership* wrote: "Without leaders we cannot have a great society."

IKCHAN UM

Rutherford, N.J.

Sir: *There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead.*

—William Wordsworth

GERALD ASHFORD

San Antonio

Sir: Another possible inspiration is Michael Harrington's book *The Other America* (Feb. 7, 1964). In this work, Mr. Harrington constantly refers to the "great society" as the one from which the poor in our nation are constantly excluded.

BARBARA PARSONS

New Orleans

Not Very Average

Sir: Daggers to your critic who erroneously assumes that *Nothing but a Man* is a movie that "describes what life is like for an average Negro in America" [Jan. 15]. Contrary to his belief, the so-called average Negro family does not consist of a man who never knew his father and who has had a bastard son of his own! I am a Negro myself, but I would never assume to judge what comprises the so-called average American Negro myself. How the hell can TIME?

(MRS.) DOLORES FIELDS

Akron

Syrian Blues

Sir: We have come to expect Syria to change its government from day to day, but not TIME its facts from page to page. Though the count will change again before you can check your data, was it "18 governments in 15 years" or "15 government reshuffles in 18 years"?

EARL J. WYMAN

Madison, Wis.

Fifteen attempted coups in 18 years, says our temporarily statistical researcher.

Midas' Curse

Sir: Truly, it is nonsensical for us to ignore our long-dwindling but still very sub-

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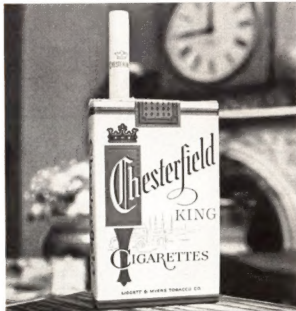
They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Felix de Cossio, portrait painter, New York



Robert E. Peay, criminal investigator, Maryland



Ann Foreman, bookkeeper, Texas

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stantial gold supply [Jan. 22] to the point where a mischief-maker in world money markets can embarrass us (and predictably, old Mischief Maker Charles de Gaulle would be the one to do it). Let us recognize that after all, the domestic soundness of our dollar in our expanding economy is based not on an unreachable gold reserve but on responsible and enduring fiscal policies secured by the fabulous energy, brains and productivity of our people.

GEORGE LADD

York Haven, Pa.

Sir: Unfortunately, few people understand the laws that should govern the circulation of money in a modern economy. After all, isn't money just the counterpart of goods delivered or services rendered? The amount of money in circulation should not depend on the chances of gold being found or even on the bad temper of Charles de Gaulle, but rather on the measurable requirements of a modern economy. That gold in Fort Knox is a most fantastic relic of an ancient age. Give all the gold to the French and let De Gaulle become another King Midas.

WALTER H. GRAF

Milan

Sir: All currencies, not only the dollar, have already been devalued in terms of all goods—except gold. Every world currency is worth only a fraction of its goods value of 1933. How can one be surprised that the supply of gold has not kept pace with the expansion of trade if its price has not been allowed to keep pace with rising prices? It is not, therefore, a question of further devaluing the already devalued dollar, but of increasing the price of gold. Such an increase would obviously be worldwide, leaving the relation between currencies unchanged.

PETER BURELA

Taxco, Mexico

Divine Time

Sir: Although that pendulum-and-map method of finding lost objects in your story about French astrologers [Jan. 15] is thought of as something magical, the plain fact of the matter is that it works. However, the functioning of the gadget is quite scientific, and is based upon reverse psychology: the guards at the portals of the subconscious always do precisely what the conscious mind is telling them *not* to do. Therefore, when a person consciously attempts to hold the pendulum motionless, it commences to sway. Subsequently, since the subconscious retains all memories, including where a person might have lost a given object, inevitably the pendulum begins to circle the spot where the object was lost. If it's been stolen, of course, no dice.

Proof of this function is easy to demonstrate. Without consulting your watch, draw a circle, indicate the numerals 1 to 12 as on a clock face, and suspend a pendulum (such as a pencil suspended from a needle in the eraser end, the needle dangling from a short thread) over the center of the "dial," then ask the pendulum what time it is. Within a few seconds, your hand will sway, and the pendulum will arc back and forth at the proper time (for instance, arcing about one-third of the way between the 7 and the 8 would be 20 minutes past 7). This is because the mind has a built-in clock that always knows precisely what hour, minute and second it is, day and night.

JACK SHARKEY

Chicago

Movies' First Lady

Sir: When the materialists of the magazine world speculate on the personal life of someone of Mrs. Kennedy's magnitude [Jan. 22] and attempt to render her emotions trite for their own selfish gain, something should be done. We're glad that TIME took the initial step.

MICHAEL T. MCCORMICK
THOMAS D. MCCLOSKEY JR.

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sir: Hail, TIME, for your article on Jackie Kennedy and Hollywood. I have long seen this "junk" on the newstands, and it disgusts me. I'm glad to see that someone put those money-hungry bums in their place.

JOE MONREAL

San Diego

Sir: My compliments to your writer and your whole staff on defending the reputation and name of this woman.

DENNIS G. ESSIG

New York City

Undermining Manners

Sir: Granted some commercials are clever and enjoyable [Jan. 22]. But to go so far as to praise Bert Lahr's "old Aunt Tillie"—that's just plain bad taste. We spend one-quarter of a lifetime trying to teach our children manners and respect for their elders. To have them then subjected to an "old lady" grabbing a bag of potato chips (a brand I will never buy) away from a child—well, that's just too much for a mother to bear.

(MRS.) RITA MARGOLIN

Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Sir: I do enjoy watching Bert Lahr eat a potato chip, but no one can convince me that James Mason drinks Thunderbird wine.

JANE KAHN

New York City

25,000 Popsicle Sticks

Sir: Speaking as a practicing applied-mathematician, I am not surprised that the "new math" may result in a "generation of kids who can't do computational arithmetic [Jan. 22]." Even the deepest understanding of the laws of buoyancy and hydrodynamics has never taught anyone how to swim. Some kids have to be acquired the hard way, and doing sums is one of them. Beberman's idea of buying 25,000 Popsicle sticks isn't bad at all. Forced to add, say, 17,281 and 6,666, Popsicle sticks physically, the kids would beg to learn some labor-saving trick (such as "carrying").

ALAN KARDAS

Chicago

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Bernard M. Auer

The story, written by Mitchell Levitas and edited by William Forbis, will not, we trust, end all that conversation and argumentation about the teen-ager. Nor should it. But we would hope that there would be a consensus on the fact that today's teen-ager is more advanced, better educated and—sometimes distressingly so—more sophisticated than his parents. The key word is "educated," and amid all the pros and cons about the teen-ager, one fact came through loud and clear: whatever he is, for worse (as some said)



TIME advertisers over the past 42 years have frequently been innovators—starting with the adventurous 15 who invested in Vol. 1, No. 1, and continuing with the first companies to use our color pages, gatefolds, inserts, regionals and demographic editions. A sample of that spirit appears in the center of this issue: the Aluminum Company of America prepared a seven-page, four-color gatefold insertion—the largest single advertising commitment ever made in any issue of TIME.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 29, 1965 Vol. 85, No. 5

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

After the Ball

After the tension, the gaiety and the personal triumph of his inauguration came a letdown for Lyndon Johnson—and a scare.

Wearing maroon pajamas and a navy-blue silk robe, the President was hurried out of the White House shortly before 2:30 one morning, 14 hours after he took the oath, helped into a Navy ambulance and whisked off to Bethesda Naval Hospital. He was suffering from a heavy cough and chest pains.

Since he had suffered a near-fatal heart attack ten years ago, he was worried. But by mid-morning, the President's doctor announced that nothing serious ailed him—little more than a case of too much inauguration.

Pretty Much Alone. At least twice in the week of the big event, Johnson had skipped lunch and missed his afternoon nap, and on Inauguration Day he had spent hours speaking and parade-watching without coat, hat or long underwear in chilling 43° Washington temperatures—although electric heaters were deployed near him. And that evening he had dashed in and out of five overcrowded, overheated ballrooms. Both Lady Bird and Daughter Lynda Bird had come down with colds after the ceremonies, and hoping not to expose the President, they had left for Camp David.

Johnson is particularly susceptible to respiratory ailments because of a recurring bronchial weakness, first contracted during high-altitude flying in World War II. He developed a scratchy throat and cough. On Friday night—with Lady Bird and Lynda gone, and Luci Baines out on a date—the President was pretty much alone in the White House and, according to aides, feeling a little sorry for himself. The White House physician, Rear Admiral George Burkley, gave him aspirin, some Declomycin and a dose of "the brown mixture," a generation-old cough remedy.

But at 1 a.m. the President called Burkley again, complained of heavy coughing and pains in his throat and chest, and Burkley decided that it would

be best to send Johnson to the hospital. Luci, who had just come home from her date, climbed into the ambulance with her father and got a room near his at the hospital.

A Lingering Thought. After a series of tests—including an electrocardiogram, which proved normal—Dr. Burkley summed it up: "A respiratory infection similar to that which is prevailing at this time of year." So prevalent was the infection that Lady Bird too checked into the hospital the same day.

Shortly after noon, Lyndon invited a

with the Inauguration. About 4 a.m. he asked Press Secretary George Reedy to call the White House and find out precisely how many words were in his inaugural address. Answer: 1,479.

The Covenant

On the morning of Inauguration Day, a cold, clear, bright morning, Lyndon Johnson was up at 6:40, breakfasted with Lady Bird, and did some last-minute tinkering with his inaugural speech. Then the Johnsons drove to a special service at Washington's National

City Christian Church. Clergymen of several denominations took part, among them Evangelist Billy Graham, who said: "There is a spiritual dimension to leadership, which this Administration has already recognized." Recalling Lyndon Johnson's assumption of the presidency after John Kennedy's assassination, Graham quoted the prayer of King Solomon upon ascension to the throne of Israel after the death of his father, King David: "Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people: for who can judge this thy people, that is so great?"

By coincidence, the President had chosen the same quotation from *II Chronicles 1:10* for the conclusion of his inaugural address. That was appropriate enough, because the speech was really a sermon.

The President's delivery was solemn, slow, almost doggedly prayerful and paternal. His main theme was essentially the familiar but enduring notion that the U.S. is not just another country

in history, but that its founding was the work of special Providence. The early settlers, "the exile and the stranger, brave but frightened," came to America and "made a covenant with this land. Concealed in justice, written in liberty, bound in union, it was meant one day to inspire the hopes of all mankind."

This view of the U.S. as God's country sometimes makes the rest of the world a little uncomfortable. But it is very different from militant nationalism, which substitutes the nation for God, or from messianic imperialism (for instance, the "Holy Russia" of the czar-



JOHNSONS LEAVING INAUGURATION DAY CHURCH SERVICE

"We are a nation of believers."

few reporters into his 17th-floor hospital room. Propped up against the pillows and inhaling deeply from a "croup kettle" that spewed steam, he reassured everyone that he was just fine. Said he: "I wouldn't hesitate right now to put on my britches and go back to the office if there was something that needed to be done."

There was obviously a lot to be done, but the President's thoughts still lingered

With the Rev. Dr. George Davis, pastor of Washington's National City Christian Church (right), Mrs. Hubert Humphrey (center) and Billy Graham.

ist era, perhaps not entirely dead in the atheistic Marxist present), which sees one nation as universal redeemer. The special American destiny, suggested President Johnson, is both a blessing and a burden. "We have no promise from God that our greatness will endure. We have been allowed by Him to seek greatness with the sweat of our hands and the strength of our spirit. If we fail now, we shall have forgotten in abundance what we learned in hardship: that democracy rests on faith, that freedom asks more than it gives, and that the judgment of God is harshest on those who are most favored."

"If we succeed, it will not be because of what we have, but it will be because of what we are; not because of what we own, but rather because of what we believe. For we are a nation of believers. Underneath the clamor of building and the rush of our day's pursuits, we are believers in justice and liberty and union, and in our own Union. We believe that every man must some day be free. And we believe in ourselves."

A Child's Globe. Johnson did not define the American faith more precisely but, he said, America's enemies always underestimate the power of that faith. Despite this reference to "enemies," and despite a condemnation of isolationism old and new—for, said Johnson, the American covenant requires the expenditure of lives and treasure "in countries we barely know"—it was an inward-looking speech, echoing domestic hopes and concerns. "In a land rich in harvest, children just must not go hungry," said the President. "In a land of healing miracles, neighbors must not suffer and die unattended. In a great land of learning and scholars, young people must be taught to read and write."

Love seemed to be pouring from Johnson as he spoke about the futility of human quarrels on an absurdly tiny earth: "Think of our world as it looks from the rocket that is heading toward Mars. It is like a child's globe, hanging in space, the continents stuck to its side like colored maps. We are all fellow passengers on a dot of earth. And each of us, in the span of time, has really only a moment among our companions. How incredible it is that in this fragile existence we should hate and destroy one another. There is world enough for all to seek their happiness in their own way." Often, with inexplicable timing, Johnson allowed a benign smile to crease his face during passages not requiring a smile—an unsettling podium quirk that he resorts to, apparently, whenever he gets a notion that his audience may feel he looks too stern.

The speech was an admonition rather than a clarion call. Significantly, the President was at his most stirring when he praised slow and painful effort, in a passage that evoked the labor of Sisyphus and seemed to allude not merely to Johnson's own methods, not merely

to the U.S., but to the condition of man. The Great Society, said Johnson, "is the excitement of becoming—always becoming, trying, probing, falling, resting and trying again—but always trying and always gaining."

He sounded an almost sad note when he continued: "This is what America is all about. It is the uncerosured desert and the unclimbed ridge. It is the star that is not reached and the harvest sleeping in the unplowed ground. Is our world gone? We say farewell. Is a new world coming? We welcome it—and we will bend it to the hopes of man."

A Subdued Gait. Johnson alluded to his 30 years in public life and paid careful tribute to family and friends "who have followed me down a long, winding road." There was a studied humility in his repetition of a sentence spoken when he assumed office after John Kennedy's assassination: "I will lead, and I will do



SISYPHUS

Always trying, falling, trying again.

the best I can." There was humility also in his bowed head and his unusually short steps as he walked to and from the lectern, as if, for this day at least, he wished to replace his jaunty Texas stride with a more subdued gait.

But Johnson, never a humble man, was anything but subdued beneath the words or the steps. He was in fact vibrating at the top of his confidence, utterly conscious of himself and the November victory, and raring for action—at least until he landed in the hospital at week's end. One measure of how much effort it will take to translate the generalities of the inaugural address into realities came in the speech itself, when Johnson set himself a difficult task: "The hour and the day and the time are here to achieve progress without strife, to achieve change without hatred—not without difference of opinion, but without the deep and abiding divisions which scar the Union for generations."

THE INAUGURATION

The Man Who Had the Best Time

Hail to the Chief, who in triumph advances.

"Are you comin' to the Inauguration, Aunt Jessie?" asked the Chief. Mrs. Jessie Hunter, a widow and an old friend of the family, shook her head, flustered. "I haven't been asked," she piped politely. The President of the U.S. put his arm around the elderly woman. "Pack your dress," he said in that soft, earnest tone, "and come on with us. Be at the ranch no later than 4:40. Air Force One won't leave without you."

Well, Aunt Jessie made it. And so did just about everybody else worth naming—except a few. Cousin Oriole, in her 78s, was not up to the trip. Dwight Eisenhower was taking the California sun. Harry Truman was feeling under the weather, and Jacqueline Kennedy wanted to avoid the inescapably painful comparisons. Uncle Huffman Baines was present, and so was Sam Houston Johnson, Lyndon's brother, and Mrs. Joseph Saunders, Lyndon's aunt, and Rodney White, Lyndon's nephew, and Ave Johnson Cox, Lyndon's cousin, and Lyndon's two sisters, Mrs. Birge Alexander and Mrs. O. P. Bobbitt and their children, Becky Alexander and Philip Bobbitt, and Lady Bird's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Taylor, and Lady Bird's widowed sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Taylor, and her daughter Susan.

Shuffled Beds. With all these people staying at the White House and across the street at Blair House (where Margaret Truman Daniel and her husband were putting up), a lot of beds and rooms needed reshuffling. Luci gave up her bedroom for a dressing-room cot to make space for several good Texas friends: Lynda Bird shared her yellow boudoir with a girl friend, and Governor John Connally got to sleep in Lincoln's bed.

What with so many Texans present, it sometimes seemed as if it had been Jack Kennedy four years ago who really assembled the Great Society and Lyndon Johnson who was now opening up the New Frontier. If so, it was a prosperous, well-behaved and superbly dressed frontier—and a dazzling show. The colors and sounds and faces seemed always the same, suspended for a brief moment, only to shift into new combinations, new designs, new moods. Scenes of high and solemn moment, as in the oath taking, swiftly changed to crowded dance floors, to prancing horses and strutting drum majorettes, to humming cocktail parties, wriggling teenagers, somber prayers, to ear-shattering brass bands endlessly playing *Hail to the Chief*, to laughter and cheers, to sentimental squeezes and unashamed tears.

And the man who had the best time of all was Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Make room for me, mister . . .

The big preliminary event came Monday night, a Democratic gala at Washington's cavernous National Guard

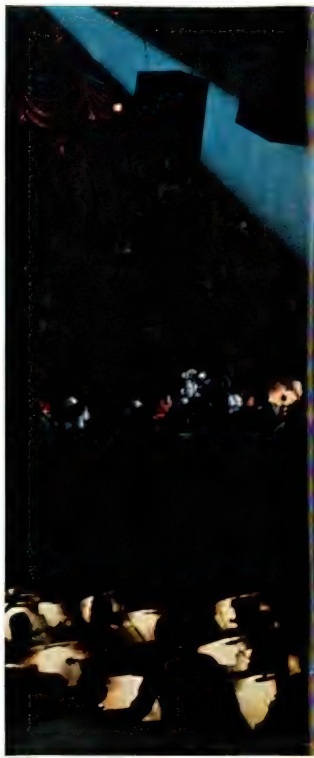


BEFORE THE CAPITOL, AN INVOCATION BEGINS THE INAUGURATION OF THE 36TH U.S. PRESIDENT.



SINGER BARBRA STREISAND REACHES FOR "PEOPLE."

KEN WARDON



LEAPS BY BALLET DANCER NUREYEV DREW THE LOUDEST APPLAUSE OF THE EVENING.



LIT BY SPOTS AND AN OVATION, THE JOHNSONS AND HUMPHREYS ARRIVE FOR PRE-INAUGURATION GALA.



SNAPPY MARINE CORPS BAND PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND GETS A HEARTY HAND FROM L.B.J.



FEATHER-FESTOONED SANTA BARBARA "BARBARETTES" WERE AMONG PRETTIEST STRUTTERS.

—E. W. BROWN

ISLAND FLOAT, DEPICTING HAWAII'S CULTURE, ROLLS BY AT DUSK AS PARADE NEARS ITS END.

—E. W. BROWN



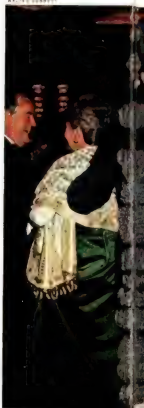


YOUNG DEMOCRATS' BASH AT MAYFLOWER MIXES FRISKY TWISTS AND FOX TROTS.



AFTER THE CONCERT, LUCI AND VAN CLIBURN EXCHANGE CURTSY FOR KISS.

ALICE CORREY





DER. HART, N



HUMPHREY AND WIFE BEAM AT VICE-PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION.



THE PRESIDENT TWIRLS WITH MRS. EDMOND HOWAR.

L.B.J. SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER LYNDY AT THE INAUGURAL BALL



THE CLIMACTIC MOMENT: THE NEW PRESIDENT TAKES HIS OATH ON BIBLE HELD BY LADY BIRD.

Army for 10,000 people, including the Johnsons and the Humphreys, who were introduced by Gala Chairman Arthur Krim, president of United Artists and a tireless Democratic Party fund raiser. The two-hour variety spectacular featured Alfred Hitchcock, Woody Allen, Johnny Carson, Mike Nichols, Elaine May, Carol Burnett, Julie Andrews and Carol Channing. Harry Belafonte, wearing one of his custom-made undress shirts, knocked out a *Michael Row the Boat Ashore*, slipping in a few lines about Mississippi and Alabama. Barbra Streisand belted out *Happy Days Are Here Again* and *People* for the folks listening without loudspeakers in Baltimore. Dame Margot Fonteyn and fiery young Rudolf Nureyev stopped the show with a magnificent *pas de deux*. Singer Bobby Darin dedicated a little number he had just turned out on the train coming into town:

Make room for me in the Great Society.

Make room for me, mister, my brother and my sister.

Make room for me, mister I've got a dream.

I want to be part of the Great Society.

Free from poverty, built by you and me.

The gala was only a warmup. Next day Lyndon and Hubert and their entourage crisscrossed the city tirelessly, ebulliently, paying calls at receptions and parties that seemed to be glowing everywhere, like so many hearthstones on a winter's day. There was a good deal of social handicapping about which ones were the really chic occasions (among the leaders: a joint reception given by Philanthropist Mary Lasker and Washington Lawyer Abe Fortas, parties thrown by Gwen Calfritz and Perle Mesta).

No Reluctance. Hubert, naturally, was in great good humor. "I weighed the decision on the vice-presidency very carefully," he confessed to a group of Young Democrats. "Not long—but carefully." He was not sure just what qualities he had for the job, he said, "but I know one that I didn't have—reluctance!" Hubert allowed as how he had done some research on former Vice Presidents, and on their contributions to the office. He had found them, he said wryly, a most illustrious group. "Who can forget those storied Vice Presidents of the past?" he cried. "William A. Wheeler! Daniel D. Tompkins! Garret A. Hobart! and Henry Wilson!" Thoroughly elated but also slightly troubled by his new position, Humphrey insisted to friends that "things will be just like they always have been between Muriel and me and our friends."

Walk right in, sit right down.

Lyndon, meanwhile, journeyed to a Governors' reception at the Sheraton-Park Hotel. Mrs. Mark Hatfield, wife of

Oregon's Republican Governor, pinned a red carnation on Johnson's lapel. Leaving the Michigan booth, Lyndon called to Republican George Romney, "Pick up the phone and call me any time!" He lingered long, speaking softly to Governor Paul Johnson at the Mississippi booth. Connecticut's John Dempsey urged Lady Bird, with a nod at the President: "Take care of him, sweet Lady."

The Inauguration Eve concert, with Washington's National Symphony under Howard Mitchell, and with Violinist Isaac Stern, Pianist Van Cliburn, and Singers Todd Duncan and Theresa Coleman, was the cultural event of the week.



HUMPHREY TAKES OATH

William A. Wheeler! Daniel D. Tompkins! Garret A. Hobart!

Mitchell's Beethoven, Stern's Mozart and a Duncan-Coleman medley from Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* got rousing cheers, despite complaints next day from critics over the absence of works by living American composers. There were plenty of living celebrities at the reception that followed: Marian Anderson, Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Paul Horgan, Peter Hurd, Jasper Johns, Erich Leinsdorf, Robert Lowell, Gian Carlo Menotti, Anna Molloy, Mark Rothko, W. D. Snodgrass, Edward Steichen, Richard Wilbur, Herman Wouk and Minoru Yamasaki.

They mingled and they ate and they drank. When things loosened up, the crowd made room for indefatigable Luci Barnes, who, with her father looking proudly on, gyrated through a vigorous Watusi, an arduous Frug, to such notable compositions as *Monkey Climb* and *Walk Right In*.

We're in the money, we're in the money.

On Inauguration Day, along Pennsylvania Avenue, the hawks with buttons and banners and balloons, the concessionaires with hot dogs and soda pop

and hot coffee, shuffled into position. Scores of loudspeakers crackled with numbers like *We're in the Money* and *Hello Lyndon*. Reporters, photographers and the umbilical-tined television crews crept into their high blinds. Security guards, more than 5,000 of them, roamed through the area. Agents eyed windows to make sure they were shut in accordance with instructions issued days before. From rooftops, from dark corners, behind Corinthian columns, Secret Service men with guns and electronic gadgetry and TV scanners gazed at the growing throngs. They guarded the speaker's stand in the east plaza of the Capitol, where armor plate

braaced the floor and 11-in.-thick bullet-proof glass formed a waist-high railing.

O beautiful for spacious skies.

The Johnsons arrived at the Capitol riding in the same limousine in which Kennedy had been shot, now covered with a new roof of steel and bulletproof glass. In the car with Lyndon and Lady Bird was North Carolina's Democratic Senator Everett Jordan, an old friend. Lyndon was whisked to a private office off the Rotunda, where he inserted his contact lenses. Then he walked to the platform. The temperature was 38°, but neither Johnson nor Humphrey wore an overcoat.

The marches were played, the prayers were made, and Soprano Leontyne Price sang *America, the Beautiful*. Humphrey, visibly nervous, was sworn in by House Speaker John McCormack, who now, after 14 months, was relieved of his interim role as presidential successor. At 12:03, Lyndon Johnson took his place before Chief Justice Earl Warren. Across the Potomac, cannon boomed a 21-gun salute. Lady Bird.

Holding Bible, Humphrey's longtime friend, Minneapolis Businessman Fred Gates.

* Vice Presidents, respectively, under Hayes, Monroe, McKinley, Grant.

gazing steadily into Lyndon's eyes, stood between the two men, holding the Johnson family Bible. After repeating the first phrase of his oath, Lyndon realized that he had forgotten to put one hand on the Bible and raise the other; he corrected that, and continued the recitation slowly and so softly that he could scarcely be heard when he concluded, "So help me God." Finishing, he looked at Lady Bird; she squeezed his arm. The President turned to the crowd and began: "My fellow countrymen . . ."

The speech took 21 minutes. Then the great solemnity of the moment began to dissolve. It was time for lunch with Congressmen and friends. Still, the process of history in which he had just participated was an affecting thing for Lyndon Johnson. En route to the luncheon, he stopped in his tracks, impulsively, wordlessly, leaned over and kissed his wife on the mouth. Lynda Bird saw it, and she moved up, drew the President's head down and kissed him on both cheeks. Johnson gazed down at Luci Baines, and she too kissed him. Then they walked on.

Min-na-so-ta, hats off to thee!

The time came at last for that most bewildering of American phenomena, the inaugural parade, a fixture that comes so naturally to a spectacle-loving public that few people ever think to question its necessity or its form. Yet there it was, with all the oomph and oompah, the crashing brass, the flights of unwitting comic relief, the displays of acrobatics, the precision marching, the dimpled knees and limber legs, the earnest faces of the young people who had come from all over the nation.

At least the parade officials tried to keep the spectacle within the bounds of human endurance and decreed that the last marchers must pass the reviewing stand at the White House before sundown. To underline America's pacific intentions, the customary show of rockets and tanks and guns was banned; the armed forces' participation was limited to one division apiece, plus small representations from the service academies. Each state, moreover, was held to a Governor's car, one float, one band and one marching unit, although Texas and Minnesota, in homage to the President and Vice President, were awarded an extra band each.

In the Glow. They lined up and began the long march past the reviewing stand at the White House, which was walled by bulletproof glass and rimmed with scores of guards. Lady Bird was in a brilliant red dress and matching coat. Muriel Humphrey in a light-blue wool dress she had made herself. Both men's faces glistened in the glow of spotlights, giving them the look of a ruddy tan. And both seemed extraordinarily happy. Johnson appeared to recognize at least one individual in each of the 50 states' flotillas. Now he clapped heartily, now he smiled a big Texas grin, now he shot an affectionate wink, now he made the O.K. sign with his thumb and fore-

finger, now his characteristic palm-down bye-bye wave.

The states tried to depict themes representative of the Great Society. Texas trundled by proudly with a model of the LBJ Ranch, including a plastic Pedernales River, and a beagle with a tail that wagged. Minnesota's banner heralded the state as the source of MANPOWER and BRAINPOWER, while Hubert's old college band cut loose with *The Minnesota Rouser*. Education and recreation were the principal themes. Southern states, by and large, had the



SCRANTON MISSING L.B.J.'S WAVE
Amid claps, grins, winks and bye-byes.

prettiest girls, and each state had some touch that was indubitably its own.

Got the world on a string, sittin' on a rainbow. . .

As the last float rolled down Pennsylvania Avenue, Lady Bird leaned to Lyndon's ear and whispered a word. The President turned and said: "Thank you very much. You are wonderful people, and you have made this such a lovely day, and we will try so hard to be worthy of your trust and friendship."

After dining at the White House with their guests, the Johnsons drove out for the final ceremonies, the Inauguration balls—and that is just what the President had: a ball. At the Mayflower and the Statler Hilton and the Armory and the Shoreham, and what Lyndon calls the Sheraton-Texas (where most

Texans made their headquarters), Johnson stopped long enough to say a few words and to shake hands right and left, just as if he were campaigning. He also got into the crush on the dance floor, as the band played oldies like *The Way You Look Tonight* and *I've Got the World on a String*. Luci, the Watani expert, burned up the floor with her best beat. Paul Betz, a student at Maryland's Mount Saint Mary's College; Lynda and Manhattan Stockbroker (and onetime White House aide) David Lefevre, and Hubert and Muriel Humphrey joined the rest.

An "Uninaugural Ball." With commendable skill, the President danced with Lady Bird, changed mid-dance to pick up with Muriel Humphrey, the wives of Maryland's Senator Daniel Brewster, Pennsylvania's Senator Joe Clark, Commerce Secretary John Connor, Louisiana's Congressman Hale Boggs, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, Postmaster General John Gronowski and Minnesota Governor Karl Rolvaag. He delighted the crowd when he helped hoist Margaret Truman Daniel over the rail at her box and took her for a brief spin on the floor.

Many leading Republicans had of course been invited, but most of them attended a sort of "uninaugural hall" at the Congressional Hotel, where the dancing was done by, among others, Nelson Rockefeller, George Romney and William Scranton, who had also gamely ridden in the parade earlier.

Meanwhile, Johnson continued his rounds. At the Sheraton-Park, he read off some witticisms that sounded a little like discards from a Bob Hope routine. "The Secretary of Labor is in charge of finding you a job, the Secretary of the Treasury is in charge of taking half of your money away from you, and the Attorney General is in charge of suing you for the other half. . . . Never before have so many paid so much to dance so little."

At the Statler Hilton, Johnson introduced Humphrey as "the greatest Vice President I have ever known," and Hubert replied: "I had a feeling that after that gracious introduction, what you are really saying is that you are going to do the dancing and let me do the speaking." Lady Bird got in a word too: "Thank you—this is a day for joy for the Johnsons and the Humphreys." And Muriel: "Imagine following three of the greatest speakers in the whole United States! Have a good time tonight. It's a great day, and great days are ahead."

Luci, the White House disclosed last week, "has been taking instruction in the Roman Catholic faith." The President is a member of the Disciples of Christ, but the two Johnson daughters and Lady Bird are Episcopalians. Since "the family considers religion a personal and individual matter," the White House provided no further details, but was careful to point out that Luci's taking instruction does not necessarily mean that she intends to become a convert. Paul Betz, who "pinned" her recently, is a Roman Catholic.

THE BUDGET

Neither Extravagant Nor Miserly

It would be well-nigh impossible, complained President Johnson during his long sessions with Budget Director Kermit Gordon at the LBJ Ranch, to squeeze Government spending next year to less than \$100 billion. There was no magic in the arbitrary \$100 billion figure. Having mentioned it, however, Johnson was able to display a flourish of frugality when he sent Congress a budget this week calling for \$99.7 billion.

That was still a record high. But, wrote the President, "the budget provides reasonably for our needs. It is not extravagant. Neither is it miserly." As the vehicle meant to take the U.S. on its first mile toward the Great Society, it was rather remarkable. It called for an increase of \$2.2 billion above total spending; yet it anticipates a deficit of \$1 billion lower than this year's estimated \$6.3 billion. It included vast new spending requests for health, education and poverty programs, adding up to a total increase of \$3.6 billion, or 48.6%. In Government spending for general welfare; yet it promised substantial cuts in consumer excise taxes.

Whittling. And just how might this bit of fiscal sleight of hand be accomplished? For one thing, Johnson has whittled away \$300 million from military spending (see Defense), bringing his yearly request to \$49 billion.

Cuts in nondefense spending amounted to a hefty \$2.1 billion. Some \$730 million was trimmed from Veterans Administration expenditures alone, including a proposed shutdown of 14 VA hospitals ("heartless") and "an outrage," said Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield. Other economies ranged from a \$430 million cut in agricultural price supports to an estimated \$4,000,000 saving from a ban on purchases of new filing cabinets by federal agencies.

In addition, Johnson proposed to raise some \$240 million in new revenues by hiking certain "user" taxes—including an additional 2¢-per-gallon levy on commercial aviation gasoline and a new 2% tax on air freight. But above all, the President is counting on increased spending, both private and governmental, to keep the economy in high gear and thus generate increases in taxable personal income and corporate profits.

One Down, One Up. New consumer spending, for instance, should result from the President's proposed \$1.8 billion cut in excise taxes. Likely to be eliminated are taxes on such items as leather goods, furs, toiletries and cameras.

The economy should also be stimulated by certain Government expenditures that, under Washington bookkeep-



BUDGET DIRECTOR GORDON
With a flourish of frugality.

ing conventions, do not show up in the headline-making administrative budget, but do appear in the "national income account budget"—in effect, a separate working budget that includes Government trust funds for special purposes. Among these: the social security trust fund, which would increase its outlays by \$2.1 billion next fiscal year, partially financed by a 1.25% increase in the employer-employee payroll tax. While the administrative budget anticipates a decreased deficit, the "national income accounts budget" will show a deficit increase of an estimated \$1 billion.

All this, according to Administration economists, will help boost gross national product to \$660 billion, a \$37.7 billion gain. Personal income is expected to rise by \$28.6 billion to \$520 billion, and corporate profits by \$3.9 billion to \$61 billion—that is, if the economy steams ahead past mid-1965, the point at which the extra fuel provided by last year's tax cut will be all but spent.

DEFENSE

More for Less

U.S. defenses are stronger than ever, getting better all the time—and costing a little less. That was the gist of the President's special defense message to Congress. Accounting for nearly half of the U.S. budget, the defense expenditures for the fiscal year 1965 ending this June will add up to about \$49 billion, a drop of some \$2 billion from last year. For next year Johnson promised a further cut of \$300 million.

Triple Power. Johnson duly ticked off the impressive statistics of U.S. weaponry: more than 850 land-based ICBMs, more than 300 nuclear-armed Polaris missiles borne by submarines, more than 900 long-range SAC bombers. In the past four years, he said, ready-to-fire nuclear strategic power has tripled. Special Forces to fight "the undeclared, twilight wars of today" have expanded eightfold, troop airlift capacity has doubled.

There was nothing very new in all this. Most of the new-sounding weapons or projects cited in the message actually have been in the research and planning stage for some time and are now gradually nearing production. They include: 1) the Poseidon missile, a new name for the Polaris B-3, which will be more accurate than the present Polaris and will double its firepower to about two megatons; 2) an air-launched short-range attack missile (SRAM) with a 150-mile capability, which plugs the gap between the ten-mile Bull-Pup and the 600-mile Hound Dog, and will increase the effectiveness of present bombers; 3) the huge C-5A cargo aircraft capable of carrying 750 soldiers and large, fast cargo ships propelled by gas turbine engines for quicker deployment of heavy military equipment; 4) large-scale procurement of the controversial swimming F-111 (formerly TFX) fighter-

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

Expenditures proposed in the new budget, compared with the past two years (in billions of dollars):

| | 1966 EST | 1965 EST | 1964 ACTUAL |
|---|-------------|-------------|----------------|
| National Defense | 51.6 | 52.2 | 58.2 |
| International Affairs and Finance (Including Food for Peace) | 4.0 | 4.0 | 3.7 |
| Space Research and Technology | 5.2 | 4.9 | 4.2 |
| Agriculture and Agricultural Resources | 3.9 | 4.5 | 5.6 |
| Natural Resources | 2.7 | 2.7 | 2.5 |
| Commerce and Transportation | 2.8 | 3.4 | 3.0 |
| Housing and Community Development | — | — | 1.1 |
| Health, Labor and Welfare | 8.3 | 6.2 | 5.5 |
| Education | 2.7 | 1.5 | 1.3 |
| Veterans' Benefits and Services | 4.6 | 5.4 | 5.5 |
| Interest | 11.6 | 11.3 | 10.8 |
| General Government | 2.5 | 2.4 | 2.3 |
| Allowance for Appalachia | 1 | — | — |
| Allowance for Contingencies | — | 1 | — |
| Interfund Transactions | 6 | — | — |
| Total Expenditures | 99.7 | 92.5 | 97.7 |
| Deficit | 5.3 | 6.3 | 6.2 |
| Less than \$50 million | | | |

* Such semi-military expenditures as arms-services support of the Atomic Energy Commission and Selective Service administration bring the total national defense request to \$51.6 billion.

bombers. In purposely vague terms Johnson also forecast "remarkable new payloads for strategic missiles," including more effective devices to penetrate enemy defenses "and methods of reporting the arrival of our missiles on target."

Cautious Investment. About \$6.7 billion will be spent on these and other research and development projects next year. But the Defense Department can present a slightly lower overall bill because of Secretary Robert McNamara's cost reduction program, which is saving \$2.5 billion annually, and because the huge initial expenditures of deploying Minuteman, Titan and Atlas ICBMs are now past (such costs have dropped from \$3.5 billion in fiscal '64 to \$1.8 billion scheduled for '66). Moreover, McNamara is being cautious about the investments in really new weapons. Despite longstanding congressional demands, the defense message called for no urgent program to develop a manned bomber to follow the technologically aging B-52s and B-58s. And President Johnson again postponed a decision on whether to produce an anti-ballistic missile system, the much discussed Nike-X, which employs the high-speed Sprint missile and is designed to intercept even a saturation volley of incoming ICBMs. Engineering has progressed to the point where a final test series on the system is planned for this summer, after which the decision probably will hinge on whether Johnson feels Nike-X would be worth its cost, estimated at \$20 billion.

Still, for the present, there could be little doubt that, as Johnson put it, the U.S. arsenal today is "greater than that ever assembled by any other nation and greater now than that of any combination of adversaries."

ARMED FORCES

Code of Honor

When examination time comes along, the 2,500 cadets at the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs are pretty much like college students everywhere. They hone up, take their tough tests, and then sweat out their grades. But some of them obviously have had less to sweat out than most. Reason: they cheated. The Air Force announced last week that a "well-organized" group of a dozen or so cadets stood accused of stealing examination papers and offering them for sale.

The school administration learned about the cheating when some cadets reported it to their superiors. There had been, of course, isolated instances of cheating discovered through the years, and the culprits had resigned from the academy. But this affair was more in the nature of a plot, recalling the 1951 West Point cribbing scandal that precipitated the dismissal of 90 cadets. By week's end 29 cadets at Colorado Springs had resigned, and more would certainly follow. Air Force Secretary

Eugene Zuckert said that probably 100 cadets, including 30 football players, had broken the ten-year-old academy's honor code, which says: "We will not lie, cheat, steal, nor tolerate among us those who do."

REPUBLICANS

Never Again

A little over two years after a small group of Republicans met secretly in a downtown Chicago motel to launch the Draft-Goldwater movement, the Republican National Committee met in Chicago to complete the final formalities of dropping Goldwater. A few die-hard right-wingers tried to delay the fore-ordained resignation of Goldwater's personally picked national chairman, Dean Burch, but Barry himself wanted no part of that. At the politics-encrusted Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel, Ohio's Ray Bliss was duly acclaimed as Burch's successor amidst a Greek chorus chanting party unity.

Because of Fear. Bliss vowed simply, "I am no miracle man—but I will work hard and do my best for you." In deciding to relinquish committee control, said Richard Nixon, Goldwater and Burch had "averted the greatest danger of a third-party movement this party has faced since 1912." Now, he added, "what we need is a second party."

There were lots of post-mortems about November. Kentucky Senator Thruston Morton, a former national chairman, drew cheers with a candid critique, more of it aimed straight at Goldwater. "We lost because of fear," he said, "the most common emotion to all mankind." The Democrats played on general fears of nuclear war and the loss of Government economic benefits. Moreover the Republicans had failed to "accentuate the positive," added Morton, had oversimplified complex problems such as Viet Nam, and had alienated the Negro vote. "There are those in

our party, both North and South, who say 'Forget the Negro vote.' Well, the Negro vote in the South is going to be more important than the Negro vote in Detroit, in Cleveland, in Chicago, in St. Louis, San Francisco, Philadelphia or New York." The G.O.P., said Morton, must gain in the South, "but not on a racist basis."

The Proudest Thing. Barry Goldwater accepted the criticism. "Let's quit blaming everyone for this defeat I suffered," said Barry. "It was my fault. It wasn't the fault of Dean Burch, or of Dennis Kitchel, or of people in this section of the country or that section. I'm sorry I didn't do better. I'm sorry that a lot of good men went down with me." Still, he was unrepentant about some things and bitter about others: "If the speeches were bad, you can blame me—but I liked them." Most of the analyses of the election, he said, added up to the idea that "I wasn't dishonest enough in this campaign to win." Moreover, he was not fighting just another party but "the full muscle power of the Federal Government."

As for being a presidential candidate again, Goldwater said only: "I have never been so honored in my life. I will never be so honored again. I will carry this honor to my grave as the proudest thing I own."

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Aim: Registration

To begin the 1965 civil rights drive, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King chose the town of Selma (pop. 29,500), deep in Alabama's black belt. It was a deliberate choice—and it brought results, up to a point.

For long years, Selma could have served as the model of unyielding resistance to civil rights progress. After the Supreme Court school-desegregation decision in 1954, it was the first Alabama town to organize a white Citizens



BURCH, GOLDWATER, BILL MILLER & BLISS IN CHICAGO
Barry took the blame.



KING REGISTERS AT SELMA HOTEL



SHERIFF CLARK & NEGROES AT COURTHOUSE

Squirrel shooters barred the way.

Council, which has kept Selma as stubbornly segregated as any community in the nation. From his Selma headquarters, Dallas County Sheriff James Clark firmly kept Negroes down, aided by a squad of special deputies known locally as "squirrel shooters." Last summer Clark and his men herded more than 100 Negroes off to jail with sticks, blows and cattle prods when they tried to register to vote.

As soon as King arrived in town last week, accompanied by eleven Negro aides, he walked into Selma's Hotel Albert, built by slave labor over a century ago as a copy of the ornate Doge's Palace in Venice, and tried to register for a room. Out from the white crowd in the lobby edged a onetime Birmingham gas-station operator named James Robinson, 26, a member of the small, arch-segregationist National States Rights Party. While one white woman stood on a chair screaming "Get him, get him, get him!" Robinson landed two punches on King's head, aimed two kicks at his groin. Pulled away from King by city police, Robinson was hustled off, later was fined \$100 and sentenced to 60 days in jail for assault. King got his room in the Hotel Albert (price: \$5.75), became the first Negro ever to register and stay there.

Long Enough in the Alleys. Fact is that a new Selma city administration, with the cooperation of many businessmen, is trying hard to clear the town's dark racist reputation by steering a more moderate course. On the very day that King arrived, seven of Selma's restaurants were quietly and peaceably integrated.

But King and the other Negro leaders are aiming at more than integration of public facilities this year: they are trying to push the Southern Negro's right to register and vote. In Selma, fewer than 1% of 15,100 Negro residents are

registered voters (20% are registered in Alabama as a whole). The Justice Department has already brought suit against Alabama Secretary of State Agnes Baggett, charging that the state's registration requirements are unconstitutional—including a 20-page test on government and the Constitution so difficult that Chief Justice Earl Warren might well have trouble passing without a favorable nod from the registrar. Apart from such onerous laws, in Selma the bulky figure of Sheriff Jim Clark stands adamantly in the way of any Negro registration.

In a first registration attempt last week, more than 400 Negroes marched to the county courthouse, but most were rounded up by Clark and his men and herded off to wait in a roped-in alleyway beside the courthouse. All day long they waited. None were registered. Next morning the Negroes tried again, spurred by the Rev. Ralph Abernathy of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, who cried: "We intend to enter by the front door. We have gone in the back doors from the alleys for too many years." Again they were met by Clark, who threatened to jail them if they did not move into the alleyway. The Negroes refused to do so and 66 were arrested, including Mrs. Amelia Boynton, the registration-drive chairman, who was seized headily by Clark and pushed half a block along the street into a waiting patrol car.

With Billy Club. But Selma has another law-enforcement officer. Public Safety Director Wilson Baker, a one-time city police captain who was appointed to the special post last year after newly elected Mayor Joe T. Smitherman realized that Sheriff Clark's high-handed ways would no longer do. A self-described segregationist, Smitherman nonetheless says: "We want to maintain the dignity of the town, and peace."

Thus the situation turned into a small civil war between Smitherman and Baker on the one hand, Sheriff Clark on the other.

On their third attempt to register, Baker provided a city police escort for the Negroes. But at the county courthouse, where Clark's word is still law, the sheriff stood in the doorway with billy club and cattle prod in hand. He brushed aside Baker's objections, arrested 156 more Negroes when they refused to leave the front of the building, and hustled them off in a bus.

In the meantime, the Legal Defense Fund of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People asked for and got a federal court injunction against further interference by Clark. Said the court in Mobile: "Persons legally entitled to register as voters should be permitted to do so in an orderly fashion." Moreover, King announced, the Legal Defense Fund would soon send to Selma a panel of seven white lawyers to draw up "freedom registration" forms, register the Negroes and try to bypass Clark and Dallas County by submitting the forms for verification directly to a federal district court. With that, King left Selma temporarily, promising to return to continue "plaguing Dallas County—creatively and nonviolently."

NEW YORK

Lulu of a Fight

Under oath, the mayor of New York City made an extraordinary charge. His political opponents within his own Democratic Party, said Robert Wagner, had tried to buy off some of his supporters.

The accusation grew out of the paralysis that has gripped the state legislature in Albany for three weeks while the Democrats, divided between pro- and anti-Wagnerians, have been unable to



McKEON
Was it a lie?

fill the leadership posts. Wagner charged that Democratic State Chairman William McKeeon, originally appointed with his blessing, had offered an "inducement"—including a "double lulu"—to two Wagner men if they would switch their votes away from the mayor's candidates.

In the arcane parlance of the Albany legislature, a lulu is a tax-free \$1,000 allowance that each legislator draws "in lieu of" expense funds, in addition to his \$10,000 annual salary. A double lulu presumably would be \$2,000. But a committee chairmanship had also been offered, Wagner said, and as every New York legislator knows, some chairmanships entitle the holder to extra lulus. In this case, according to Wagner, the double lulu amounted to \$10,000.

Gleeful Republicans pounced on Wagner's words, demanded a full investigation before the State Commission of Investigation, where Wagner detailed the offer, which he had indignantly described as "tantamount to a bribe."

McKeon, for his part, replied, also under oath, that Wagner's charge was tantamount to a lie, or at the very least was gross misinformation. He "absolutely, categorically and without any reservation" denied Wagner's accusation. Obviously, someone was open for a perjury rap.

Puppets. The mayor admitted that his knowledge of the double-lulu offer was secondhand, but said, "I verified the facts to the best of my ability and certainly to my satisfaction." According to Wagner, the offer was made in Room 939 at Albany's DeWitt Clinton Hotel to Manhattan Leader J. Raymond Jones, a Wagner supporter and the first Negro to head Tammany Hall. The Democratic chairman of Schenectady County, George Palmer, recalled the scene: "Jones comes in and looks around at me, McKeeon and the others and says, 'Boys, I'm old enough to be your father.'" But, Palmer insisted,

"there was never a mention of lulus," Jones insisted that there was.

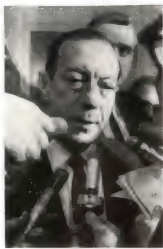
While the investigation proceeded, the state legislature remained out of action, going through the motions of voting on candidates for the leadership. Taunted Republican Assemblyman George Ingalls: "All this is but a maneuvering of puppets. A little man comes out and blows his horn. Nobody listens. A little while later another little man comes out and blows his horn. Nobody listens, so he goes back in. Why don't you straighten out your political strings so some little man can come out and blow his horn and stay here?"

That "maneuvering of puppets" involved control of the New York Democratic Party and Bob Wagner's political future in a state newly charged with the presence of Freshman U.S. Senator Robert Kennedy.

War Lords. The anti-Wagner coalition is composed of city and county Democratic bosses whom Wagner antagonized in 1961 by his celebrated and rather sudden stance of fighting for reform and against boss rule. These war lords include Charles Buckley of The Bronx, Peter Crotty of Buffalo and Stanley Steingut of Brooklyn. Last fall this coalition forced Wagner to accept Bobby Kennedy's candidacy for the Senate.

Now Wagner is fighting for his political future. If he loses this fight, he will still have a chance to serve a fourth term as mayor, but he would have little or no chance should he want the nomination for Governor in 1966, the only other office potentially open to him since Kennedy won the Senate seat. Nelson Rockefeller will probably run again, but the Democrats think he is distinctly beatable, and so the gubernatorial nomination looks worthwhile.

Bobby assured one and all that he was not involved in the fight, and as a



WAGNER
Or a bribe?

U.S. Senator couldn't "really do very much directly." Of course he did not have to do very much—directly. But it was Kennedy nevertheless who gave the anti-Wagner forces their determination and their purpose.

Best Friends. Two weeks ago, declaring himself pained by the disarray in the party, Kennedy proposed that the leadership issue be taken up by the legislators in a secret ballot; voting in secret, they would presumably be free of their various overlords' control and break the deadlock. Wagner was pressured into accepting the plan publicly, and even signed a statement calling for such a vote. But when he thought it over, he realized that—secrecy or no secrecy—he simply didn't have the votes to win.

That is when he fired off his bribery charges, in effect bolting the agreement with Kennedy.

Wagner was widely accused of hypocrisy: as mayor of New York, in charge of one of the largest patronage domains in the U.S., he has indulged in his share of political deals and purposeful appointments. But while Wagner's air of outraged purity might strike a lot of people as ludicrous, there was a remarkable degree of cynicism and complacency in the widespread notion that this is the way things are in politics. Reported the New York Times: "Even the mayor's best friends here concede that, if the charges are true, he broke one of the inviolable laws of politics—the law that politicians, like small boys, must never, never squeal."

Asked by one reporter if he had not "broken the rules," Wagner looked incredulous. "Broken the rules! What? Disclosing something that I think is morally wrong?" He continued: "It may be suggested that the offer I have brought to light is part of a pattern accepted by usage. I can neither believe that, nor do I think that it is pertinent. Such a pattern, if it exists, would itself be abhorrent to public policy."



KENNEDY
And all with an eye on him?

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

The Leyton Affair

It was the most shocking blow Harold Wilson's Labor government could have received. Never before had a British Prime Minister been so brutally humiliated at so early a stage of a new government. Running for Parliament in a supposedly "safe" seat in the London constituency of Leyton, Her Majesty's Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, 57, was rejected by the voters—and lost his political life.

The slap was aimed not only at the Prime Minister but at his party and platform as well, as Tory Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home was quick to emphasize. "It is the country's verdict on the first 100 days of Socialism in practice," crowed Sir Alec. Added Jo Grimond, leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons: "If Mr. Wilson wants to stay in office, he really must start doing things which appeal to a wider public than the hard-core Socialist voters."

Three Crises. Gordon Walker's defeat left Labor with only a three-vote majority in the Commons. That meant Wilson had little hope of carrying through the package of welfare legislation he had promised in his October "manifesto." The slightest number of absentees, caused by flu or a heavy London fog, could bring about the defeat of any bill or a vote of no confidence. And while a loss on a minor bill could be shrugged off, a no-confidence vote on a major measure could force an immediate general election on terms of advantage only to Tories.

Wilson was also saddled with the need to find a successor for Gordon



GORDON WALKER

A descent by brocade balloon.

Walker. Trouble was, Labor had no one else with real stature in international affairs. So Wilson had to turn to a man who was a familiar figure among Labor experts, but who was unknown in the diplomatic salons of the world. He was Michael Stewart, 58, a Labor M.P. since 1945, who last October was Harold Wilson's choice as Minister of Science and Education.

A "moderate" in the Labor Party spectrum, Stewart is a shy onetime schoolmaster who opposed Wilson's Labor leadership when Hugh Gaitskell died in 1963, later patched things up and served Wilson competently if obscurely as a housing expert in Labor's Shadow Cabinet. Since Stewart is so lacking in experience, Wilson obviously will have to make most foreign policy decisions himself for many months—a clearly depressing prospect for a man who has so many problems to handle on the domestic side.

The crisis that forced Wilson to reshuffle his Cabinet was the third since the new government took over. First was the threatened devaluation of the pound, which stemmed from the chronic imbalance in Britain's foreign trade. Then there was the imbroglio over the controversial TSR-2 "Hedgehog" bomber. Then came Leyton.

Harassing Raids. Actually, the Leyton debacle need not have happened. According to some insiders, Gordon Walker was offered a choice of three "safe" seats after his upset three months ago in an ugly racist campaign at Smethwick, a seat he had held for 19 years. One was in Scotland, the other also away from London. But Leyton—which for 32 years had returned the same familiar old Socialist, Reginald Sorensen, 73, to Parliament—was close to the heart of political power, and Gordon Walker chose to run there. Sorensen, known as "Reg" to most of his constituents in semi-detached, working-class Leyton, was

pressured into accepting a life peerage, reluctantly set out for the House of Lords with Wilson's assurance that it was for the good of the party. It really wasn't.

Leyton voters resented the callous imposition of an outsider in place of their beloved Reg. Harassing raids by British Nazis introduced the shade of the Smethwick race question into the Leyton battle (TIME, Jan. 22). Gordon Walker proved to be an inept campaigner, somehow above it all, who managed to leave the impression that he had descended by brocade balloon from the intellectual heights of Hampstead to the depths of fish-and-chips Leyton. Sir Winston Churchill's grave illness added to voter apathy, kept many Leytonites glued to the telly and away from the polls.

No Safe Seat. When the votes came in, Reg Sorensen's October plurality of 7,926 melted to nothing, then less than nothing. The final count: Tory Ronald Buxton, 16,544; Gordon Walker, 16,339. To further tarnish Labor's image, Technology Minister Frank Cousins—an old union man who had never run for Parliament before—faced a "safe" seat situation similar to Gordon Walker's in the Midlands constituency of Nuneaton. Where his predecessor won the seat by 11,702 votes last October, Cousins could only win by 5,241. The message from Leyton and Nuneaton was much the same: from here on out, there is really no safe seat for Harold Wilson anywhere.

More by-election tests were ahead. Next month, three Tory seats will be tested. If the Conservatives should win by increased majorities this will add to the Labor Party.



HAROLD WILSON

A matter of fog or flu.



FOREIGN SECRETARY STEWART

A moderate in the spectrum.

EASTERN EUROPE

Satisfaction in Silence

The communiqué published by the Polish news agency P.A.P. was just that. It spoke of "brotherly friendship and complete unanimity of views," yet a quick look at the guest list put the lie to that in a hurry. Gathered in Warsaw last week were Premiers, Presidents and party bosses of the Warsaw Pact nations: Russia's Brezhnev and Kosygin, Bulgaria's Todor Zhivkov, Czechoslovakia's Antonin Novotny, East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, Rumania's Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, Hungary's Janos Kadar, Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka.

Over the past few years these men

all that crucial a discussion point. And it was just as clear from the official silence that no hard agreement had been reached on the March meeting. Never mind. In these days of polycentrism, it was victory enough that Russia's B. & K. team had even got their recalcitrant partners together to discuss the advisability of discussing Red China.

WESTERN EUROPE

Reconciliation at Rambouillet

Konrad Adenauer saw eye to hypnotic eye with Charles de Gaulle, but Ludwig Erhard from the start tried to stare *le grand Charles* down. He did not have a chance. When it came to the

Gaulle: let the Foreign Ministers get together on it this spring, and then maybe the heads of state can have a summit about it in the fall. Did Erhard really need some new overture on German reunification for home consumption in this election year, 1965? Well, said De Gaulle, the best way is still the French way—increasing contacts with Eastern Europe. But if it's important, France understands, and by all means will go along with anything the Germans can persuade the U.S. and Britain to initiate with Moscow. Defense? A touchy issue there is no need discussing now, since MLF is "in the refrigerator." France can afford to "wait, serene," as a French spokesman put it afterwards.

As a result, Rambouillet turned out to be a reconciliation of sorts. "The maximum that one could expect, the minimum that one could hope for," said one observer. It was a relaxed and relieved Erhard who disembarked back in Germany to proclaim: "This was a good encounter—there wasn't a single jarring note." Still, De Gaulle has a press conference scheduled for Feb. 4, and Erhard knows as well as anyone the general's penchant for pyrotechnics in these semiannual pronouncements. "Remember that I have my birthday on Feb. 4," Erhard cracked to his host before leaving. "I don't want to have any unpleasant surprises that day."



OCHAB & GOMULKA (FACING LEFT) GREETING KOSYGIN & BREZHNEV
Preparatory conference for the preparatory conference.

have grown ever more diverse in their national interests and their approaches to everything from Comecon to the Sino-Soviet split. Prime disunifier of the lot was Rumania's Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, who had not deigned to talk publicly with Russian leaders in 18 months. He agreed to talk this time, but the official silence was appalling.

Actually there must have been plenty of chatter behind the grey walls of Warsaw's Namiesnikowski Palace, the 18th century abode that now serves as Poland's Cabinet building. Though the meeting had ostensibly been called to discuss defense matters, a more pressing issue to the East European Reds was the imminent (March 1) preparatory conference called by the Kremlin to discuss Moscow's ideological quarrel with Peking. This was the same monster rally originally scheduled by Nikita Khrushchev for last December. Kosygin and Brezhnev postponed the show-down's date and changed the tenor of the proposed conference from truculence to "objective" discussion of Russo-Chinese differences.

As the black, slush-spattered ZILs, Chaikas and Mercedeses of the gathered leaders crisscrossed Warsaw's wintry streets, it was clear that defense was not

question of grain prices in the Common Market. Erhard held out for twelve months, but finally caved in. Anxious to share in the West's nuclear arsenal, *der Dicke* pinned his hopes on U.S. zeal for the multilateral force, only to have the Americans lose interest and leave the Germans out on a limb. Last week, as Erhard arrived in Paris for his latest meeting with France's leader, he could hope to be received with compassion, and even generosity.

The last time the two had met in Bonn, De Gaulle had pointedly kept Erhard waiting a quarter of an hour while he reminisced with Adenauer about the solidarity of the good old days. But now as Erhard's black Citroën pulled up before De Gaulle's 14th century château at Rambouillet, the German flag was smartly run up the crenelated tower looming over the courtyard, and there was a smiling Charles himself waiting with outstretched arms for the Chancellor. And in some six hours of talk that followed, De Gaulle was all paternal charm and magnanimity.

Did Erhard really want to launch some kind of political organization among Europe's Six, as he had been saying for months? Fine, said De

UNITED NATIONS

Going for Broke?

"The problem is serious," said U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, as the organization's financial crisis that has hamstrung the 19th Assembly dragged into still another week. The U.N., he said, had only \$14.6 million cash on hand, needed \$9,000,000 a month simply to meet payrolls around the world and normal operating expenses. As for accounts payable, some \$136 million in overdue assessments were on the U.N.'s books, and U Thant issued for the first time the names of the 16 delinquents: Russia and eight other Communist nations, France, Belgium, Haiti, Paraguay, South Africa, Yemen and Bolivia.

Under Article 19 of the U.N. Charter, any nation more than two years in arrears automatically loses its vote in the General Assembly. Though Haiti promptly paid its tardy \$31,979 and Bolivia and Paraguay coughed up some \$30,000 each after U Thant's black listing last week, the other 13 stand to lose their votes, and the issue has turned into a major tug-of-war between the U.S. and Russia, which owes the most: some \$63 million.

Arbitrary & Illegal. At issue are not regular dues but special assessments voted for General Assembly peace-keeping operations in the Congo and the Gaza Strip. The delinquents argue that the Assembly never had the legal authority to vote the operations in the first place, and therefore they are not bound by Article 19 to pay for them.

U Thant's citation of the Russians by name as debtors brought the harshest criticism of the Secretary-General since he took office in 1962; the reference, they insisted, was "illegal," and his approach "arbitrary and one-sided."

The U.S., which carries the largest part of the U.N.'s expenses anyway, insists that Article 19 must be invoked, and that there be no voting in the 19th Assembly until Russia pays at least one-third of its arrears. As a result, the Assembly has so far been idly discussing matters requiring no vote, while behind the scenes a search for a compromise goes on—thus far with scant success.

Promissory Note. The Afro-Asian bloc of some 50 nations, insisting that the whole matter is only part of the exasperating cold war between East and West, demands that the deadlock be ended and the Assembly's normal processes resume. In the process they are willing to let Article 19 be bypassed and voting begin, after which Moscow might kick in a "voluntary" contribution with the clear understanding it would not be considered as payment for the "illegal" peace-keeping operations. Moscow generally favors this formula, but has not committed itself as to how much this vague promissory note might be.

If the Russians did indeed contribute, it might alleviate the U.N.'s financial problem, but the precedent would probably mean the end of the Assembly's power to take active steps to quell future little hot wars around the globe. Clearly, Moscow would like nothing better; and for just that reason the U.S. was standing firm as the crisis moved toward a showdown this week, when President Quaison-Sackey has indicated that voting must begin.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Tear Gas & Burning Books

From a window of the grey, six-story U.S. embassy in Saigon, Ambassador Maxwell Taylor and U.S. Military Advisory Chief William Westmoreland gazed down on the violent scene. Massed in the street before the embassy was a cursing, fist-shaking throng led by some 300 yellow-robed Buddhist monks and nuns, screaming demands that the U.S. abandon Premier Tran Van Huong—and thinly veiled invitations that they get out of South Viet Nam.

Vietnamese paratroopers guarding the shuttered and barred embassy entrance permitted a small group of demonstrators to hand over an anti-Huong petition to Taylor. But then the mob, urged on by the monks, who blared orders over battery-powered bullhorns, refused to disperse. The troops donned gas masks and broke it up with doses of tear gas and swinging clubs. Four blocks away a wave of shouting youths commanded by four monks marched on the U.S. Information Service library, smashed its glass doors and windows.

Next day in the northern city of Hue,

a Buddhist stronghold, some 4,000 students and hoodlums sacked the two-story U.S.I.S. headquarters, splintering furniture and bookshelves. Then they burned 5,000 books in gasoline.

Height of Irony. For the U.S., trying to save the tortured land from Communism, the Buddhist-instigated anti-American outburst was the height of irony. For it was the U.S. embassy that gave refuge to leading monks during the Buddhists' 1963 campaign against President Ngo Dinh Diem. Now, the bonzes were openly turning on their American benefactors.

Naturally their latest offensive came as Premier Huong endeavored once again to put back together his Humpty-Dumpty regime. Last week Huong installed four military officers in his Cabinet in an effort to improve relations with the brass and discourage more coups. There was a slight delay. Although Huong and Chief of State Phan Khac Suu waited in the palace on the appointed day, the four failed to show up because Air Force Boss Nguyen Cao Ky had last-minute second thoughts about giving up his command for his Cabinet assignment—Minister of Youth and Sports. Finally Ky reluctantly agreed to it, and next day the ceremony was held.

Hunger of Sorts. At that very moment, before 100 newsmen, Buddhist Political Chief Thich Tam Chau announced that he and four other monks had decided to "fast to the death if necessary, to protest against the cruel Huong regime." The five, including Thich Tri Quang, firebrand leader of Buddhists in Hue, took up positions sitting or lying side by side inside Saigon's main pagodas. It was hardly a bed of nails. Their pallets were comfortable foam-rubber mattresses draped with mosquito netting. Beside the fasters were handy slices of fruit and glasses of pale, cold tea, prompting a young monk to explain that liquid was "allowed." As for the fruit—well, er, uh, no comment.

The monks' grandstand play was sufficient excuse for other bonzes to hit the streets at the head of supposedly incensed faithful. Nuns "fainted" before newsreel cameras—only to spring nimbly away before tear gas. Old women provided buckets of water in which monks dipped their skirts to wash out their eyes. A monk supposedly "stabbed" himself at a Buddhist school, but when carried out showed no visible wound.

Meanwhile, Up North . . . At week's end scattered disorders continued. The Huong government—so far—had stood fast. Police announced that 223 rioters had been jailed in Saigon.

In the almost-forgotten war, government troops scored a smart succession of victories against the Viet Cong in four widely separated provinces. More attention, however, was being drawn by a worrisome development to the north. In the past month, despite U.S. air harassment, some 5,000 Communist troops have quietly massed

around the southern Laotian town of Tchepone. About half are Pathet Lao from Laos. Even more unsettling, the rest are from North Viet Nam.

Tchepone has long been a Communist troop-staging center, and every year about this time—the advent of the dry season—Red forces concentrate there. In Washington last week a high U.S. official refused to call the buildup "dramatic." But there seem to be more troops involved this time than before, and other American officials see it as a possible hedge against U.S. escalation of the war in Viet Nam. Should escalation



BUDDHIST RIOTERS AT U.S. EMBASSY
5,000 more for the 5,000 there.

come and Hanoi move openly into the war, the Communist forces at Tchepone could link up with 5,000 neighboring Viet Cong in a drive to seize South Viet Nam's northern region.

BURUNDI

Down to Size

For a moment, it looked as if the cold war had reached flash point in Burundi. The tiny African nation had been the biggest base for Red Chinese subversion on the continent. Fortnight ago, when moderate Premier Pierre Ngendandumwe was installed to check Peking's rising influence, nobody doubted that the Chinese would respond. Then the Premier was gunned down on the steps of a Bujumbura hospital. But the man who was arrested was a local African employed as a stenotypist in the U.S. embassy. Immediately, the noisy cry echoed through Africa: "Imperialist plot!"

Actually, the crime may have been rooted in a blood feud between two warring tribes. In the hands of Burundi police was Gonsalve Muyenzi, 24, a

Watutsi tribesman, a refugee from neighboring Rwanda, and thus a sworn enemy of Ngendandumwe, who happened to be a member of the Bahutu tribe. For centuries the Bahutu had served the towering Watutsi aristocrats (some measure 7 ft. or more) as cattle-tending serfs on the alpine slopes of the former Belgian colony Ruanda-Urundi. Independence, in 1962, established a tribal equality of sorts, but both Bahutu and Watutsi quickly sought more than that. A Belgian-backed coup gave the Bahutu control of the new Rwanda government, while Burundi remained under a Watutsi king, Mwami Mwambutsa IV.

The Bahutu-Watutsi quarrel reached its peak late in 1963, when Watutsi warriors raided Rwanda in hands called *inyenzi* (cockroaches). The irate Bahutu responded by chopping off the legs of thousands of Watutsis and flouting the remains down the Ruzizi River.

Assassin Muyenzi may well have aimed to reverse matters and cut a Bahutu down to size. As Acting Premier Pie Masumbuko said: "No one in his right mind would think for a minute that the U.S. embassy was involved in the assassination. Some say the Chinese killed the Premier. I say no." With that the government arrested as accomplices former Premier Albin Nyamoya, a vehement Watutsi irredentist, and 23 other Watutsi tribesmen.

YEMEN

Back to Bloodshed

Both sides in Yemen's desultory war reached a point last November when a cease-fire and truce talks seemed about to achieve some kind of settlement. No such luck. The Nasser-backed republicans declined to give up their claim to power in San'a, the capital, and the royalists were not about to abandon the bitter fight waged in the hills by their leader, the deposed Imam Mohamed el Badr.

Last week the truce game was over. Tribesmen supporting the Imam poured out of their mountain fastness to launch a successful attack on Razeh, near the Saudi Arabian border. The jubilant royalists claimed to have killed, wounded and captured more than a thousand Egyptians and republicans. At the same time, two tribes in the mountains 20 miles from San'a declared their support for the royalists and drove back an Egyptian force sent to subdue them.

Heavy Thalers. The bloody civil war, which may have cost over 100,000 dead, is one that everyone is sick of and no one knows how to stop. During the cease-fire, negotiations broke down because the republicans refused to give up the republic and the royalists refused to abandon the Imam. And almost all Yemenis, of whatever political stripe, want to be rid of Egyptian troops, who behave more like an army of occupation than an ally.

Republican President Abdullah Sallal, faced by recurrent Cabinet resign-



IMAM BADR
Songs from the caves.

nations and growing unrest, keeps running back and forth to Cairo for more help. Nasser gives it, but has reportedly called Sallal a "weak-minded boob." Yemen's Premier, General Hassan Amri, 48, a tough, no-nonsense operator, seems to be emerging as the new republican strongman.

Imam Badr is showing far more political skill than before. His ragtag army is supplied with arms, munitions and money (heavy Maria Theresa thalers shipped in by camel caravan) from Saudi Arabia and British-administered South Arabia, neither of which wants Nasser as a near neighbor. The royalist radio last week skillfully tried to widen the split in republican ranks by promising amnesty to all nonroyalists once the Egyptians were withdrawn. Further, Imam Badr promised the people



NASSER & SALLAL
Help in the air.

of Yemen a new form of government: "a constitutionally democratic system" ruled by a "national assembly elected by the people."

Mass Raids. At week's end Nasser's response was all that Sallal could have hoped for. Armor and artillery poured into Yemen's ports from a flotilla of ships; ammunition and troop reinforcements arrived by transport plane from Cairo. Once again Nasser's fighter planes made mass raids on royalist strongholds in the mountains. As they have for the past two years, the royalists endured the pounding. When it was over, they crawled from caves and foxholes to dance and sing:

O Gamal Abdel Nasser, we will break your head!

O Gamal Abdel Nasser, you will soon be dead!

INDIA

Bureaucracy by Doublespeak

Troops in red turbans and elephants in gold caparisons march through New Delhi this week. The occasion is Republic Day, commemorating India's 15th independence anniversary. Also ushered in by the date is another event less loudly cheered: the formal designation of Hindi as India's official language.

In a land whose 470 million inhabitants speak 14 major tongues and 831 dialects, the language of the elite, ever since the British raj, has been English. Both Parliament and the executive branch of the government conduct their affairs in English, which is the only cymological link among all sectors of the Indian populace. In 1963, however, Parliament decreed the official language to be Hindi, effective Republic Day, 1965. Though English will continue as an "associate language," all official documents must henceforth be in Hindi, even if they have to be accompanied by English translations for the benefit of recipients.

"Hindi Imperialism." Though spoken by more Indians than any other language, Hindi covers less than half the populace and is the mother tongue of only four states—Bihar, Rajasthan, Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh (Nehru's as well as Prime Minister Shastri's home). The officialization of Hindi has long been fought by non-Hindi regions, chiefly four southern states to which Hindi is as foreign as Tex-Mex; they are Madras (which speaks Tamil), Andhra Pradesh (Telugu), Kerala (Malayalam) and Mysore (Kannada). Anti-Hindis accuse the Hindis of being out for political gain. In any case, should Hindi become the exclusive official tongue, thousands of civil servants, who do not understand Hindi but get government clerical jobs through their knowledge of English, would be totally adrift.

Fortnight ago, an anti-Hindi rally in Madras denounced the "imposition of Hindi" as "discriminatory tyranny." Other southerners even charged "Hindi



Will medical science ever conquer heart attacks?

All too often a light in the bedroom window and an ambulance at the door mean that someone has suffered a heart attack—the number one killer in the United States today.

Yet there is cause for hope in the overall picture of heart and blood vessel diseases. Chances of recovery for the heart attack victim are better than ever, and the death rate from high blood pressure has declined significantly.

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tors, voluntary health organizations, and private laboratories such as Eli Lilly and Company are pushing the fight—to learn more about these diseases, to discover medicines which will control them, and to help people avoid becoming victims.

To continue the progress that has been made in curbing heart attacks is a challenge modern medicine faces—and accepts. *For when it comes to your good health, Medical Research never leaves well enough alone.*



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SHASTRI WATCHING FOLK DANCERS
Searching for a national tongue.

imperialism," and a Madras political party planned to spend Republic Day in mourning. Last week in Bengali-speaking West Bengal, trucks bearing license plates in Hindi were ordered off roads on the plea that cops were unable to read them—obviously a deliberate and calculated harassment of Hindi-state shipping.

Desk Piles. To spread Hindi, the government is spending \$2,100,000 this year. Committees have been appointed to translate legal and technical terminology into Hindi, a task complicated by the fact that one English term often comes out as a cumbersome and exotic train of several Hindi words ("telephone exchange," translated literally into Hindi, is "house of the distant voices"). Such bureaucracy by double-speak is hardly apt to speed India's snail-slow governmental machinery, which at a time of increasing national difficulties needs just the opposite. Desks of West Bengal bureaucrats are already piled high with letters from opposite numbers in Uttar Pradesh, which they cannot read, much less answer, since the senders in dutiful obedience to the new law failed to attach English translations.

From all indications, the southerners would like English as India's official language, and they have an impassioned ally in Oxford-educated Education Minister (and former Ambassador to the U.S.) Mahomedali Chagla, who has pleaded: "Let us not destroy the link language. It is our window to the world." Under the 1963 act, Parliament is to review the language question again in 1975. But at his first formal press conference last week, Premier Shastri confirmed his support for Hindi, and as for bureaucratic snafus, he said simply, "There will have to be some waste of time." With that, Shastri flew off to Bombay to participate in the dedication of India's first factory for the manufacture of plutonium—for which there is no Hindi word.

CEYLON

Music to Vote By

Politics are naturally wild in Ceylon. Last week they were even wilder than usual. The world's only woman head of government, Mrs. Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike, who has ruled Ceylon since 1960, when her husband was assassinated, felt upset when her election speech on the government-controlled radio was followed by the playing of Beethoven's funeral "Pathétique" Sonata. The radio director responsible was sent on "compulsory leave," with no reasons given. The opposition cracked that "classical music was undoubtedly too good a sequel" to Mrs. Bandaranaike's oratory, but jittery disk jockeys began fine-combing their collections for all sorts of song titles that should sound derogatory, such as *I Kiss Your Hand, Madame*, *The Lady Is a Trump* and *Bye Bye Blues*—since blue is the official color of her Freedom Party.

With a general election ahead, Ceylon's leader has every reason to be edgy. Mrs. Bandaranaike is contesting her late husband's old seat at Attunagalla, near Colombo, and while she may keep a place in Parliament, she may well lose her prime-ministership. Labor strikes and a hinge of nationalization have crippled the economy. Last summer she tried to prop up her unstable government by forming an alliance with the island's Trotskyites, who received three Cabinet portfolios, including the Finance Ministry.

"Stob in the Back." Minister of Lands Charles Perival de Silva, 52, who had helped found the Freedom Party, protested the admission of the Trotskyites, but reported that Mrs. Bandaranaike assured him "she wouldn't change the policies of her husband by so much as the width of the stem of a mustard flower." When the Trotskyite support was followed by that of the pro-Moscow Communist Party, De Silva had enough. With 13 other Freedom rebels, he bolted to the opposition, causing the government to fall last month by only a single vote.

Mrs. Bandaranaike, who stayed on as caretaker chief of the government, denounced the defection as a "stab in the back." De Silva explained that he felt she "was going to betray Ceylon to the Marxists." Ceylon's influential Buddhist monks, alarmed by the Marxist infiltration, began turning against the buxom Prime Minister. They particularly denounced a proposal, put forward by the Communists in the government, to permit the legal tapping of coconut trees and turn the sap into toddy, thus heading off illicit bootlegging and bringing new revenue into the treasury. When Mrs. Bandaranaike tried to win back the monks, who practice temperance, by promising to make Buddhism Ceylon's official religion, they refused for fear of coming under state control.

Best Date. In the general election scheduled for March, De Silva and his rebels will run as independents but in coalition with the two major opposition parties. One is Dudley Senanayake's conservative United National Party; the other, a group representing the Tamil-speaking Hindu minority—almost a quarter of Ceylon's 10.6 million people. Mrs. Bandaranaike vees one basic issue in the coming election. In her first campaign speech, she said Ceylon had a democratic tradition of only 16 years. The first eight years she characterized as "the period of capitalism, when this country was not only closely linked to the British crown but to the British economy." Since then, under her husband and herself, Ceylon has followed "the middle path to socialism, within the British parliamentary system." It was up to the voters to choose "between the two systems."

Though running scared, Mrs. Bandaranaike is far from weaponless. She has threatened to nationalize all of Ceylon's newspapers, and has so far refused the opposition the use of the government-controlled radio. Officials have announced that no voters will be allowed to travel to the polls in private cars; they will probably have to go either on foot or in buses—and the government owns the bus line.

Finally, Mrs. Bandaranaike conferred with her astrologers, who after deep cerebration advised her that the most propitious date for the election would be March 22, and so that is when it will be. Explained a Ceylonese politician, "You know, even those of us who don't believe in such things turn to the astrologers when we're in a tight spot. Somehow, we hope to find a way out."



CEYLON'S BANDARANAIKE
Running scared down the middle.



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CHURCHILL

We shall never surrender!

IN his last, loneliest battle, that defiant vow seemed graven on Sir Winston Churchill's soul. Hour after hour, day after day, the world stood vigil as the medical bulletins became ever more grave. But Churchill fought on with almost unbelievable tenacity. Finally, after days of drifting in and out of consciousness, the old warrior sank into peaceful sleep. The battle was over, the lion heart stilled forever.

His last illness began with a cold. Then, on Jan. 15, Lord Moran, Churchill's personal physician for 24 years, announced that he had "developed a circulatory weakness, and there has been a cerebral thrombosis." Though he had rallied with astonishing vitality from earlier illness, including two previous strokes, Churchill at 90 was feeble and weary; his illness, said Moran, was "very serious indeed." In a chilling wind and rain, sorrowing Britons gathered quietly in the cul-de-sac outside Churchill's red brick house at 28 Hyde Park Gate.

Telegrams and flowers arrived by the thousands, from the humble and the great. Relatives came and went. Moran, stooped and frail at 82, drove up two or three times daily to examine his patient, then read his simple, unemotional bulletins to the shivering newsmen outside. For 18 hours a day, bowler-hatted Detective Sergeant Edmund Murray, Sir Winston's longtime personal bodyguard, kept order in the crowded street. When Churchill's life appeared to be ebbing, Moran relayed Lady Churchill's request that reporters and TV crews disperse. Within minutes, the arc lights winked out, endless coils of wire were cleared away, and the street was empty, with one small glow showing through the twilight at No. 28.

God-Commended. As the curtain of grief descended over Britain, the nation's life slowed almost to a halt. "In view of the nation's concern about Sir Winston Churchill," Prime Minister Harold Wilson postponed a major House of Commons speech and an economic report to the nation on TV, also put off an important round of talks with West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. Britain was to have commemorated the 700th anniversary of the first Parliament last week, but in deference to Parliament's greatest son, Lords and Commons agreed to put off the ceremonies until June.

At Holy Communion in St. Margaret's, the House of Commons' parish church, the Archbishop of Canterbury intoned, "We com-

mend to God Winston Spencer Churchill as he approaches death." A private message from the Pope was delivered by Monsignor Cardinale, the apostolic delegate to Britain. There were special prayers at Harrow, his old school, and at Castle Rising, near Sandringham, where the Queen and members of the royal family attended church.

Shakespearean Epic. Queen Elizabeth, who was notified of Churchill's death before it was officially announced to the public, took the unprecedented step of requesting Parliament to accord her former Prime Minister a state funeral, the first such tribute to a commoner since Gladstone's death in 1898. Churchill will be buried in a tranquil Oxfordshire graveyard beside his parents: Lord Randolph Churchill and his beautiful American wife, Jennie Jerome.

Churchill's bier will first lie in state under the oaken rafters of ancient Westminster Hall, in the palace that houses

Parliament. Then it will be placed on a gun carriage and escorted by slow-marching troops through the silent heart of London to St. Paul's Cathedral. Statesmen and soldiers, old comrades and old foes will come from all over the world for the obsequies, which in scale and splendor will be unsurpassed by any funeral for a commoner in British history.

His people could do no less. For Sir Winston was a kingly figure, his life a glowing Shakespearean epic. He had been his nation's savior, Britain's greatest statesman, leader and inspiration of the free world. In war and diplomacy, oratory and literature, above all in his delineation of Western values, his achievements place him honorably in the company of Pericles and the elder Pitt, of Wellington and Washington.

Forces Foreseen. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill was an intensely human hero. He was easily moved to rage or tears; he delighted in mischief and rushed headlong into many an action that he was later to regret. If he was an Elizabethan in deed and spirit, he was implacably Victorian in his ideals and dedication to duty. When he became Prime Minister at the nadir of his nation's fortunes in 1940, he was 65—older than any other Allied or enemy leader. He had held more Cabinet posts than any other Briton in history; he had seen more of war than any of his military advisers; and from a lifetime of scholarship, authorship and parliamentary debate, he had fashioned the soul-stirring prose that was to enshrine immortal deeds in immortal words.

Churchill outlived his own great era, but he had foreseen and often named the forces that were to shape subsequent history: the cold war, the Iron Curtain, Europe's drive for unity, disorder and dictatorship in many of the lands that had once been part of Empire. At the end, few who paid him tribute remembered how bitterly the old statesman had been reviled in his time. Denounced in turn as charlatan, braggart, turncoat and warmonger, he was many times defeated at the polls, swept from high office, made the scapegoat of others' failures. But if Churchill was sometimes wrong, on the great issues of his times he was most often right. History will forgive his faults; it can never forget the indomitable, imperturbable spirit that swept a people to greatness.

For the affectionate crowds that hung outside his house when he turned 90 in November, there was still an impish twinkle in his eyes, a pugnacious thrust to the



FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (1939)
To all ships: WINSTON IS BACK.

jaw, a dash of the old defiance as he raised his hand in the familiar V sign. It was a valiant effort, for Churchill had grown ever weaker and more withdrawn in recent years. Denied his old pastimes of painting, bricklaying and racing a famous stable, he still found pleasure in food, drink and a meager ration of cigars, in feeding the black swans at Chartwell, his country manor, or reliving old wars and controversies with a few chosen friends. Though the world saw little of him, he remained one of the most widely beloved and honored men on earth. Among other high tributes were the congressional resolution that conferred honorary U.S. citizenship on him in 1963, and last year's motion of "unbounded admiration and gratitude" from the House of Commons, which had not so honored an Englishman since Wellington.

A Roving Commission. For the Churchills, greatness has been a birth-right. Winston was born and raised amid the splendors of Blenheim Palace, the 320-room mansion that a grateful nation bestowed on his ancestor, John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough. School, by contrast, bored him; he was a poor student who allowed in later life that "no one has ever passed so few examinations and received so many degrees." Fame was always his spur. As a newly commissioned subaltern in the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, he searched impatiently for battlefields to prove his mettle. It was a poor time for the molding of heroes. The Industrial Revolution had raised Victo-

ria's England to a position of surpassing wealth: *Pax Britannica* in all its majesty prevailed throughout the civilized world.

Nonetheless, Churchill pushed himself into five wars in as many years. In all of them he managed to double as a war correspondent, thus launching the first of his many celebrated careers. After covering British campaigns on India's Northwest Frontier and in the Sudan—where he figured conspicuously in one of history's last great cavalry charges—Churchill also turned out excellent books on the fighting. He had honed his style with extensive reading: *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, Macaulay's *History of England*, Plato's *Republic*, Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, Aristotle's *Politics*. By 1899, he had achieved such success as author and correspondent that he resigned his commission, went off to cover Britain's war against the Boer settlers in South Africa. His exploits in and out of Boer prison camps were so dramatic that in 1900 he returned to England to find himself a national hero.

Within four months, Churchill, then 25, was elected Tory M.P. for Oldham, a sturdy working-class constituency in the industrial north. To finance his new career, he earned \$50,000 in five months by lecturing to packed audiences throughout Britain, then the U.S. He knew at once how to delight Americans. When a reporter asked him what he thought of New York, Churchill said gravely: "Newspaper too thick, lavatory paper too thin."

Across the Aisle. In February 1901, Winston Churchill rose to make his maiden speech in the House of Commons, which was to be his stage for more than half a century. At 26, he was a slim, elegant figure, with his family's high forehead and prominent eyes, and his parliamentary style inevitably evoked memories of his father, a famed Tory leader. He had the same rolling eloquence, the lightning shafts of wit by which a Churchill could start a storm or turn a tempest back into a teapot. But he had more. In Winston's oratory, the English language and the English spirit came together as fuel and flame.

One day in 1904, Churchill entered the House, bowed to the Speaker, and turning his back on the Conservative benches, sat down in the front row of the Liberal Opposition next to David Lloyd George, the fiery, humbly born Welshman who was to influence Churchill more profoundly than any other political figure in Britain. Free Trader Churchill broke with the Tories over their policy of high tariffs and protectionism, but he also was attracted by the Liberals' program of social reform; in 1908, as a minister in Herbert Asquith's gifted administration, he worked tirelessly to improve the working-class Briton's harsh existence.

While fighting a by-election in Dundee, Churchill met Clementine Hozier, the granddaughter of a Scottish earl. Sorbonne-educated and a passionate Liberal herself, she was beautiful, intelligent, and ten years younger than Winston. Their wedding in 1908 was a highlight of the social season, and as Winston reported later, they "lived happily ever afterwards."

Absorbed in Politics. Life could not have been altogether happy for the Churchills, for Winston in those days was probably the most hated man in the House of Commons. The "Blenheim Rat," as his foes called him, was ostracized by most of his friends, who considered the crusading social reformer a traitor to his class. Churchill immersed himself in politics, also embarked on a shrewd, solid series of biographies, notably of his father and Marlborough. Then, in the summer of 1911, when imperial Germany gave the first unmistakable signs of belligerence, Old Soldier Churchill turned all his energies to the study of military affairs and foreign policy. From his desk in the Home Office he bombarded the Cabinet with brash, penetrating memos on European strategy. Prime Minister Asquith was impressed. That October, Asquith asked him if he would like to take over the Admiralty. "Indeed I would," said the 36-year-old minister.

The years that followed tested to the full those Churchillian qualities—daring, prescience, determination—that were to prove his nation's deliverance in two world wars. Churchill built a massive new fleet, converted the navy from coal to oil, pressed development of Britain's



QUEEN & PRIME MINISTER AFTER DINNER AT NO. 10 (1953)
English language and English spirit, as fuel and flame.

first naval aircraft. He also promoted a cumbersome, comic-looking vehicle that was labeled "Winston's Folly"; it later became known as the tank.

A Million Words a Year. The years of peace were never Churchill's happiest. He went back to the Tory Party. "Anybody can rat," he explained with a grin, "but it takes a certain amount of ingenuity to re-rat." In 1924 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, a post for whose decimal definitives ("those damn little dots") he was not well suited. His first budget was the first link in the deflationary chain that led to a general strike, a nationwide depression, and the fall of the second Baldwin government.

Out of the Cabinet, denied even a seat in the Commons, he painted and laid bricks, traveled widely, and wrote an average of a million words a year. Later, during the dismal era when Hitler and Mussolini were rising and Britain shuttered its windows to the world, Churchill returned to the House to rumble bitter warnings from his seat below the Tory gangway. He was unheeded, but never unheard.

When Britain finally declared war in 1939, the government turned once again to Churchill. He occupied his old desk at the Admiralty, and the message flashed to Royal Navy ships around the world: WINSTON IS BACK. As the Nazi tide rolled toward Britain's shores, Parliament finally turned Chamberlain out. In May 1940, King George VI asked Churchill to form the new government. In his first address as Prime Minister, Churchill told the House of Commons: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat."

"Let us therefore," he said later, in words as noble as were ever spoken under stress, "brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour.'"

Churchill wielded greater personal power during the five wartime years than any other Prime Minister in British history. No detail was too small to escape his attention as strategist or statesman. Clad in the siren suit that he invented, a cigar clamped protegesquely in the midst of his cherubic countenance, he never tired of inspecting troops or chatting with victims of the blitz, often had to be dragged protesting from a rooftop as London shuddered under a Luftwaffe attack.

Hitler & Hell. His bones knew the historic necessity of U.S. intervention. "If we are together, nothing is impossible," he said. "If we are divided, all will fail." The quintessential Briton was, after all, half American. He had often damned Communism's "foul baboonery," but the Nazi invasion of Russia brought Churchill's immediate pledge of unstinting support. "If Hitler invaded Hell," he reasoned, "I would make at least a favorable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons."



AT LONDON WINDOW ON 90TH BIRTHDAY
An impish twinkle, a pugnacious jaw, a defiant hand.

In the hour of victory after World War II, a grateful people was ready to give Churchill any honor he might choose. He chose instead the one reward the nation was not prepared to give—further service. Above all, war-weary Britons craved a better life. They voted for Labor and the social revolution glowingly outlined by Labor's Clement Attlee. Wounded by defeat, Churchill settled into a new job as leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Tirelessly castigating welfare-statism as "strength through misery," he demanded: "What is the use of being a famous race and nation if at the end of the week you cannot pay your housekeeping bill?" He was a devastating critic of the Socialist ministers who were busily dismantling Empire and clamping grey austerity on the land: "Attlee ('A modest man, and I know no one with more to be modest about'). Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Stafford Cripps ('There, but for the grace of God, goes God'), and of course Health Minister Aneurin Bevan ('Minister of Disease')."

Pax Americana. Though out of office, Churchill was seldom out of the limelight. And in 1946, speaking as a private citizen in a foreign country, he returned to his old role of Cassandra to issue a challenge that ranks as one of his greatest feats. At Westminster College in Fulton, Mo., Churchill warned the Western world in his "Sinews of Peace" speech that the time had come to close ranks once more against a threat as sinister as any the century had seen: "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the Continent."

Americans, summoned by Churchill to discharge their "awe-inspiring accountability to the future," heeded and

acted. Perhaps no other man on earth could have commanded such a response. In years to come, the U.S. unquestioningly supported NATO, the Marshall Plan, and a succession of international responsibilities that would have been inconceivable a decade earlier. Though often and unfairly characterized as a warmonger, Churchill on his return to power in 1951 saw that his warning had taken effect, and was convinced that the West could now bargain from strength with the Communist world. His hope of a realistic *détente*, like his vision of British membership in an integrated Europe, was left to others to pursue. Nonetheless, when he surrendered office in 1955, the world was as tranquil as it had been at any time in the 40 years since Churchill's Grand Fleet steamed into action against imperial Germany.

In a lifetime spanning the Industrial Revolution and the Space Age, the Empire he set out to defend had evaporated. *Pax Britannica* had become a *Pax Americana*, sustained by a weight of resolve and physical might that Churchill had fruitlessly implored his own countrymen to accept as the price of peace. His words, his example, his courage were indelibly engraved on the minds of free men. With his passing, the world was diminished and felt it. Amid all the public outpourings of tribute and grief, no words struck a nobler note than the heartfelt message that Winston Churchill broadcast to the people of defeated France in 1940:

Good night, then: sleep to gather strength for the morning, for the morning will come. Brightly will it shine on the brave and true, the kindly, on all who suffer for the cause, and gloriously upon the tombs of heroes. Thus will shine the dawn.

PEOPLE

Kathleen, 13, held the baby. She's his eldest sister, and his godmother. Joseph Patrick III, 12, godfather and eldest brother, stood with his father Bobby and his six other brothers and sisters, while Monsignor William McCormack baptized **Matthew Maxwell Taylor Kennedy** in Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral. Jostled by newsmen, TV cameras, and his share of 200 spectators, Cousin John-John felt that too many people had come. "I'm squashed," he said to his mother, Aunt Jackie. But one guest couldn't make it at all: the U.S. Ambassador in Saigon, who had provided the Senator's son with his two middle names.

A cast of thousands turned up at Forest Lawn for the funeral of one of Hollywood's best-loved ones, **Jeanette MacDonald**. At the gate gawked 1,500 extras, while the supporting players, in the Church of the Reformation, read like a photomontage of yesterday's film clips and more recent headlines. Irene Dunne, Mary Pickford and Nelson Eddy stood in the pews; Barry Goldwater and General Lauris Norstad (now president of Owens-Corning Fiberglass International) were pallbearers. But the star was Miss MacDonald. As her recorded voice sang *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life*, a canary caged in the church chimed in.

Shuffling into Yankee Stadium in 1961, a hairless has-been at 35, discarded by San Francisco, Quarterback **Yelberton Abraham Tittle** passed the New York Giants to three straight Eastern Division titles and won a spread all his own in the N.F.L. record book. But 1964 was the year the Bald Eagle didn't have it. Weary and often injured, he wound up next to last in the passing statistics, and the Giants plummeted to

last place. So after 17 years in pro football, Y.A., now 38, announced that he was folding his wings. "I never wanted to be a mediocre player, and last year I was mediocre." Besides, he cracked, when Rookie Quarterback Gary Wood asked to date his daughter, "I figured it was time to get the heck out of here."

Erle Stanley Gardner might call it *The Case of the Shrinking Celebrity*. Three times in the past year, TV's Perry Mason, **Raymond Burr**, 47, has slipped into South Viet Nam, visited some 8,000 U.S. servicemen stationed in remote areas, sometimes with Viet Cong shells bursting near by, and issued no publicity about it to boost his ratings. He jotted down the names of thousands of servicemen whose relations he called up for a personal report when he got back. Burr hobbled through his most recent Jeep-and-helicopter round last month despite a painfully pinched leg nerve, and though he rarely gabs about Perry Mason (preferring to listen to G.I. gripes), the gunner who flew with him gives the consensus: "Ray Burr is one helluva fine guy."

Nevada's Governor Grant Sawyer, 46, figured to score zero-cool with the school set. "One basic need of youth is to participate in the responsibilities of adult life," he observed in a televised message to the state legislature, proposing to lower the minimum voting age from 21 to 18. One youth, however, was already participating by calling her father, Grant Sawyer, and telling him as soon as he left the air that his idea turned her off. Added **Gail Sawyer**, 15, a Carson City tenth-grader, in an interview: "If voting qualifications were lowered, most kids would just go for who their parents are for." Most kids.

The estate of Lyricist **Oscar Hammerstein II**, probated five years after his death, was valued at \$7,127,161.65, bequeathed mostly to his widow, Dorothy, and their three children. It included a portfolio of 43 stocks and bonds, ranging from 104 shares of IBM to 100 of Du Pont, and "interests in musical and literary properties," meaning copyrights to lyrics from *Rose Marie* (1924) to *The Sound of Music* (1959), estimated at \$3,300,000.

"I'm always anxious to talk—except before the Senate Rules Committee, of course," a newly ash-blond **Carole Tyler**, 25, announced in Nashville. Bobby Baker's former private secretary was appearing at a meeting of her home state's Press Association to complain about the way newsmen had treated her. In reporting the Senate investigations last year, she said, they resorted to "innuendoes" not "facts" to "assassinate the character of me." She was particularly riled at TIME for reporting her obvious-



CAROLE TYLER
35? Never was.

ly vital statistics as 35-26-35. "That burns me up," she sniffed. "I'm not that big." Well? Oh no, you don't, said Carole, telling only that she has taken off 10 lbs. since the hearings.

That gleaming dome of the Capitol is all very well, but South Dakota's Democratic Senator **George S. McGovern**, 42, found himself emulating it a couple of years ago, as a result of a siege of hepatitis. Last week, while introducing a bill to boost Government-maintained prices on domestic wheat to 100% of parity, McGovern displayed a return to parity himself, with the aid of what the trade calls a "partial hairpiece." Several of his colleagues thought it was pretty funny, but McGovern silenced them with a farm metaphor. Said he: "When the shingles start coming off the barn roof, you put some new ones on."

Midst laurels stood: TV Host **Ed Sullivan**, 62, installed as a Knight of Magistral Grace of the Order of the Knights of Malta, the 800-year-old Roman Catholic secular order; **J. Paul Austin**, 49, president of Coca-Cola Co., recipient of the 1965 medal of Philadelphia's Poor Richard Club for his "exemplary leadership"; Yachtsman **Olin Stephens**, 56, designer of *Constellation*, which defended the America's Cup for the U.S. last summer, winner of the Nathaniel G. Herreshoff Trophy of the North American Yacht Racing Union; General **Lyman Lemnitzer**, 65, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, awarded the Bernard Baruch Medal by the U.S. Veterans of Foreign Wars; Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas**, 66, given a plaque by the Camp Fire Club of America, at the Tavern-on-the-Green in Manhattan's Central Park.



"YAT" TITTLE
35. Has-been?



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'65 CHEVROLET—Now see why we

Looks high priced from where you're sitting, doesn't it?

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One reason is its all-new perimeter-type frame design. The frame surrounds the passenger compartment, which is lower and roomier *inside* without a lot of extra width *outside*.

We also moved the engine forward. This, along with the new frame, lowers the driveline tunnel. So that hump on the floor is 25" narrower and a lot lower for extra foot room. And new curved glass in the side windows is one of the reasons why there's over three more inches of shoulder room, front and rear. (To say nothing of what it does

for Chevrolet's smart new look!)

But no more on appearance—the picture takes care of that. *Luxury* is the big word in every '65 Chevrolet—even in low-cost Bel Airs and Biscaynes. The handsome instrument panel keeps things where you can see and reach them. Color-keyed interiors have fine-textured fabrics, plush vinyls, rich, full deep-twist

Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan in Danube Blue.



compare it to expensive cars

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Of course luxurious Impala models like the one above feature their own elegant appointments. And Impala Super Sports boast a dashing center console, sporty front bucket seats, special instrumentation and distinctive identification.

That famous Jet-smooth ride is even better now, too. We've put new

Full Coil suspension, that rugged new frame, a new wider tread and over 700 sound and vibration dampers between you and the road.

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**We confide in our strength,
without boasting of it;
we respect that of others,
without fearing it.**

Thomas Jefferson,
letter to Carmichael and Short, 1793
Great Ideas of Western Man
one of a series
Container Corporation of America



THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

New Limits for an Old Conflict

Casting a cool eye at three convictions of one Louisiana civil rights worker, the Supreme Court last week tossed out all three. In the process, it spelled out new limits for both sides of an old conflict—the need for public law and order v. the First Amendment's guarantee of the rights of free speech, assembly and petition.

In Baton Rouge, in 1961, police arrested 23 students of Southern (Negro) University for picketing segregated lunch counters. Next day, the Rev. B. Elton Cox, a Congregationalist minister and CORE worker, led 2,000 more students to the courthouse for a peaceful demonstration against the arrests. Cox figured he had permission because Police Chief Wingate White had told him to "confine" his demonstrators to the opposite side of the street.

When Cox urged his crew to go to segregated lunch counters, white bystanders began muttering angrily, and the sheriff ordered Cox & Co. to leave "immediately." Minutes later the demonstrators were still there, and police dispersed them with tear-gas shells.

No Standards. Cox was arrested, convicted and sentenced to four months in jail and fined \$200 for breach of the peace. He got five months and a \$500 fine for obstructing public passages, one year and a \$5,000 fine for picketing a courthouse—all to be served cumulatively, for a total of 21 months in jail and \$5,700 in fines. Louisiana's highest court upheld the convictions.

Speaking for the Supreme Court, which viewed TV news films of the entire incident, Justice Arthur Goldberg said that "the students were well behaved throughout." What the police feared, he added, was white reaction; their paramount duty was to protect rather than attack the peaceful Negroes. Out went Cox's first conviction, by unanimous vote—along with Louisiana's "unconstitutionally vague" breach-of-the-peace statute.

In considering Cox's next case, Goldberg upheld the principle of Louisiana's obstruction-of-passage statute. "Governmental authorities have the duty and responsibility to keep their streets open and available for movement." Indeed, "we emphatically reject the notion urged by appellant" that the First Amendment protects street demonstrations just as much as pure speech. But the Louisiana statute contains no precise standards, and the way Baton Rouge police put it to work, said Goldberg, was "an unwarranted abridgment of appellant's freedom of speech and assembly." Out went the second conviction, 7 to 2.

Poisoned Justice. In reversing Cox's third conviction, however, the Justices bitterly divided, 5 to 4, over a problem that first arose when U.S. Communists picketed trials of the U.S. party's lead-

ers. In 1949, Congress passed a law banning such demonstrations "in or near" all federal courthouses. Louisiana copied that law (as did Massachusetts and Pennsylvania) to deal with demonstrations near state courthouses. Goldberg praised Louisiana's law as "a precise, narrowly drawn regulatory statute which prohibits specific behavior." It does not violate the First Amendment, he said, because picketing is "subject to regulation, even though intertwined with expression and association." To this point at least, the court was unanimous. Then could Cox be excused?

As the majority saw it, said Goldberg, "the record clearly shows that the offi-



COX AND DEMONSTRATORS OPPOSITE BATON ROUGE COURTHOUSE
The record shows officials gave permission to bend the law.

cials present gave permission for the demonstration to take place." Cox was then banished "because officials erroneously concluded that what he said threatened a breach of the peace." To allow the conviction to stand, he wrote, would amount to punishing the defendant for doing something he had been told was lawful.

The four dissenters completely disagreed. "If the police chief's action be consent," snapped Justice Tom C. Clark, "I never knew until today that a law enforcement official—city, state or national—could forgive a breach of the criminal laws. I missed that in my law school, in my practice, and for two years while I was head of the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice."

Clark called the decision a victory for "mobocracy." Justice Hugo Black was equally incensed. "Government under law as ordained by our Constitution is too precious," he said, "too sacred, to be jeopardized by subjecting the courts to intimidatory practices that have been fatal to individual liberty and minority rights whenever and whenever such practices have been allowed to poison the streams of justice."

Despite the dissent, however, the

long-range significance of the case probably is that all nine Justices upheld Louisiana's statute against courthouse demonstrations. At the same time, they reaffirmed the First Amendment's guarantees of free speech, assembly and petition—but only to the extent that those rights are exercised in keeping with a government of laws, not men.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Gideon's Echoes

Clyde Harvey is an illiterate Negro farmer who roused the ire of his white neighbors in Corinth, Miss., last summer by letting civil rights workers stay in his house. While Harvey was out, police entered his home, found two cans of beer and what Harvey called

"a little whisky in a jar." He was arrested without a warrant and charged with "possession of whisky," a Mississippi misdemeanor punishable by a fine of up to \$500 and up to 90 days in jail.

Harvey thought he was being charged only with having the beer, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced in *absentia* to the till whisky rap. He did not learn about the sentence until he was jailed—eight days after the statutory time limit had passed and he could no longer appeal. When N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund lawyers heard of his plight, they got nowhere at first. Local state and federal courts not only denied relief, but they also failed to furnish the record that University of Pennsylvania Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam needed in order to argue for a writ of habeas corpus before the Fifth Circuit's enlightened U.S. Court of Appeals in New Orleans (TIME, Dec. 4).

Then, around midnight, the night before Amsterdam was to appear in court, Chief Judge Elbert Tuttle sent over the court's own copy of the Harvey record. Amsterdam had hardly begun racing through it when he saw a golden chance to extend a landmark Supreme Court

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LOCKWOOD



SAMPSON

Like becoming coach of the Cleveland Browns.



WEINSCHENK



HUGHES

decision: 1963's *Gideon v. Wainwright*. In that famous case, the Supreme Court ruled that the Fourteenth Amendment gives all accused felons the right to counsel in all state criminal trials. Could Amsterdam convince the Court of Appeals that *Gideon* also applies to misdemeanors? He could and did. The court not only immediately ordered Harvey's release (after 66 days in jail), but it completely supported Amsterdam's argument. Because sentences for some misdemeanors are the same as for some felonies, ruled a federal court for the first time, defendants need lawyers in both cases.

JUDGES

Her Honor Takes the Bench

As she started to park her car at the Arizona State Capitol building one day in 1960, redheaded Lorna Lockwood was sternly waved away. "This space is reserved for a Supreme Court Justice," huffed the guard. Miss Justice Lockwood finally persuaded the doubter that she was in the right space. Now, four years after her election to Arizona's highest bench, Lorna Lockwood has risen again. Her Honor's four brethren have unanimously elected her the first woman state Chief Justice in U.S. history.

Chief Justice Lockwood's achievement is roughly akin to a woman taking over as coach of the Cleveland Browns. Of the nation's 8,748 judges, only 300 are women. Though the first U.S. woman lawyer was licensed in 1869, the not undying male reaction was summed up by Wisconsin's Chief Justice in 1875, when he flatly rejected a woman applicant in his state: "It would be shocking to man's reverence for womanhood that women should be permitted to mix professionally in all the nastiness of the world which finds its way into courts of justice."

Pioneering Gal. That attitude persists, but the barriers are crumbling. It was, after all, a woman federal judge,

Sarah T. Hughes of Dallas, who swore in President Johnson 99 minutes after President Kennedy's death. "The sooner we get to consider women as individuals rather than as women, the better it will be," says Judge Hughes. "All women are not alike, just as all men are not alike."

Of the 412 federal judgeships, only three are now actively held by women, including the peppery Mrs. Hughes. But the precedent was set back in 1928 when Calvin Coolidge appointed the late Genevieve R. Cline to the U.S. Customs Court in New York. Later came the doughty suffragette, Florence T. Allen, now 80, whom F.D.R. promoted from the Ohio Supreme Court to the U.S. Court of Appeals in 1934. Now retired, Miss Allen eventually became chief judge of the U.S. Sixth Circuit, the highest federal judgeship ever attained by a woman.

Community Builder. There are at present 17 vacancies on the federal bench, and there is talk that President Johnson is shopping for qualified women. Possible candidates include the two women besides Arizona's Lorna Lockwood—now sitting on state Supreme Courts—North Carolina's Justice Susie Sharp and Hawaii's Justice Rhoda V. Lewis. Indeed, the opportunity for choice enlarges each year. Denver, for example, recently acquired its first woman judge of any kind—Zita Weinschenk, 31, a lawyer's bright young wife who got her own law degree at Harvard in 1958. Already a municipal judge, seasoned in traffic cases, she was tapped to county judge last week.

Chicago takes particular pride in Cook County Judge Edith S. Sampson, 63, a strong-faced woman with an acid tongue for lawyers and infinite compassion for underdogs. A trained social worker, Judge Sampson got her master of laws degree at Loyola University, spent seven years as assistant corporation counsel of Chicago, and was twice appointed a U.S. delegate to the U.N. General Assembly. In 1962 she became

the nation's first elected Negro woman judge (four others now serve elsewhere). Last fall she won a full six-year term at \$26,500 a year.

Patience & Powder Rooms. Arizona's new Chief Justice Lorna Lockwood, great-niece of Abraham Lincoln, decided to emulate her lawyer father at the age of ten, in order "to sit on a bench and aid destitute families." Raised in Tombstone, she graduated from the University of Arizona Law School in 1925—the year her father rose to the State Supreme Court, where he set his daughter's future goal by serving as Chief Justice for nearly 18 years.

To reach the same peak, Daughter Lorna served three terms in the state legislature, was an assistant state attorney general, and in 1950 was elected as a county judge in Phoenix. In 1957 she swallowed hard and performed "the most distasteful" duty of her career—sentencing a wife murderer to death in the gas chamber. "May God have mercy on your soul," said she, bowing her head. "Thank you, judge," said he.

Chief Justice Lockwood's brethren have now elected her on merit to a job that involves supervision of the state's entire judicial system. "Her most enduring quality," says one, "is patience, patience and patience. She will listen to both sides of every question. Furthermore, she has overcome the emotional reaction common to many women. She has all the qualities that make a great judge."

Some Arizonians are already looking forward to a day when the country's only woman Chief Justice will rise even higher—to the U.S. Supreme Court. In theory, nothing prevents that millennium, but the odds against the appointment of a woman Justice seem overwhelmingly high. At the very least, the court would need some remodeling. The present robing room is directly connected to a men's room. As one Justice darkly muses: "Why, we'd have to build a Justices' ladies' room."



GALIZINE'S PAJAMAS



BEACHWEAR IN FLORENCE
Nightgowns to pant over and pants over pants.



LUCEZIA'S HIP-HUGGERS

FASHION

Alta Moda, Italian Style

While the French consider fashion every bit as momentous an affair as say, an affair, the Italians take it all with a grain of *saltimontano*. The results, as last week's showings of spring and summer collections proved, may never raise headlines in Duluth or necklines in Dubuque, but they did raise an eyebrow here and there and clear round the world.

First came Florence, the boutiques and the gags. Glams covered one pair of pants with another (toreador on the bottom, pantaloons on top) while Azzogoli finished off a long knit dinner dress with two balloons (ditto to accommodate teeth, left it to Pucci to put fans at the tail ends of a linen evening suit). There was Fabiani's transparent black chiffon dress, dubbed (by Fabiani) "the sexiest in Italy," Micia's shift made out of black poker chips, Trico's black knit orange-bordered at-home outfit complete with a ring to be worn on the hostess' toe! And from Lucezia came hip-hugging chiffon pants and matching tops. Not to mention her lattice-ribbed beach dress, designed to be worn over backless bikinis, which may never be holla in the stores but so captured the fancy of one German mail buyer that he craned his neck too far, lost balance and wound up literally rolling in the aisles.

Rome was something else again, and the "else" in translation read: glamour! From Forquet's flowing saris to De Barentzen's dirndl-skirted rain dress to Lanetti's denim and organza evening gown, elegance was clearly the theme of the day. And of the night, too, thanks to Top Designer Princess Irene Galizine, whose patio pajamas (patterned in mauve and pea-green poppies) and open-front, open-back nightgowns (layer-wrapped to conceal seams) stopped the show in Rome, but will only start it somewhere else.

MODERN LIVING

THE GARDEN

Four-Color Flora

The gardens of Dedham, Mass., lay under eight inches of snow last week, and tillers of the soil in Lake Forest, Ill., boarded their commuter trains in a below-zero blast off Lake Michigan. From South Carolina to Northern California, flowerbeds were bare, ruined choirs, strawberry patches frozen stiff as a Birds Eye package. But beside a million open fires and upturned thermostats roses bloomed, shrubs sprang into leaf, fruit trees and tomato vines burgeoned with succulence. It is Catalogue Time.

First Ever. The annual efflorescence of four-color printing is aimed at every kind of green thumbsman from pent-house to prairie. It reaches its peak this month, when the industry offers glowing premiums—rosebushes, flowering shrubs, a pruning knife—to those who mail in their seed orders before March 15. Each year also brings a crop of first-time-ever items. Among this year's new offerings:

- ▶ A new hybrid dogwood, "Eddie's White Wonder" sold by Ohio's Wayside Gardens, is a cross between the Northwest's magnificent *Cornus Nuttallii* and the East's hardier *Cornus Florida*.
- ▶ Four new perennials from New York's Jackson & Perkins, including a dwarf lavender-blue aster and a compact, nonspreading Purple Heart.
- ▶ An almost white marigold called "Hospital" from Philadelphia's Burpee Co., which has a standing offer of \$10,000 to anyone who produces a seed that will grow a pure white one: the offer still stands.

▶ Miss Susie, also from Burpee, the only verbenas ever developed with rows of petals.

The days are over when garden catalogues were synonymous for sucker bait. Thanks to such groups as All-America Selections, which tests the new varieties, the big companies now make a painstaking effort to describe their wares honestly and to illustrate them in true-to-life colors, along with a modicum of imagination-whetting blarney.

When Is a Bad Seed? A few unscrupulous companies still advertise such dubious items as rosebushes at 25¢ apiece, or cut-rate, "guaranteed hardy" hedge plants that do not survive the U.S. mail. Other traps for the unwary in newspaper ads are fancy names such as "Tree of Heaven" for *Ailanthus altissima* (otherwise known as stinkweed, or the ever-popular "Christmas Rose," which is not a rose (it belongs to the buttercup family) and cannot be counted on to bloom at Christmas. As a result of whooped-up claims, thousands of home gardeners plant Elberta peach trees, one of the least rewarding varieties. Another pitfall is the failure of many catalogues to describe the variety of root stock on which a dwarf apple tree is grafted (it will not be a true dwarf if it is not rooted on imported English Malling stock), or to mention how many times an evergreen has been transplanted (it develops a more vigorous root system by being lifted out of the earth and pruned).

Botanist Norman Taylor, editor of the excellent Taylor's *Encyclopedia of Gardening*, feels that plant advertising should specifically note which areas of the country are suitable for each species of plant or tree. Most reputable catalogues nowadays do in fact list preferred zones and soil conditions. But in general, Taylor points out, "people have been given the impression that spruce and hemlock and fir will thrive in the prairie regions west of the Mississippi. And you should be very careful about what rhododendrons you buy. The beautiful *Rhododendron Maximum*, for example, does well in New England and



**If you went to Cannes before 1955,
Majorca before 1958,
and Greece before 1960,
you're the kind of person who'll want to see Bergen this year.**

If you like travel where it isn't spoiled by armies of tourists, come here. Because everything is so beautiful, Norway is the next place in line for the hot and standard called "perfecting technique." Famous for the fashionable people, and more and more of them have been looking for a place where the concept of a travel agency is kind of new. It's a quiet, lively village. Work is Bergen, like Paris? It's quiet, clean, charming. It is surrounded by steep, rugged, forested mountains on one side and by the sea

on the other. The people are warm and friendly and totally honest. There's the picturesque wharf where is crowded from late afternoon to midnight with people buying fresh fish and flowers in the central area on a street just near it. A few and a few (the last combined). And in the spring there is the famous Lilian's Green, roses and other flowers. (Bergen has long been a favorite of writers, musicians and artists. From 1918 to 1921,

But the best thing about Bergen is the good weather country around it. From Bergen you

can travel by car, bus or steamship into the heart of the Land country. The magnificence of the fjords is indescribable to the writer, except to say that it's an experience that no other could give if you can help it.

SAS flies to Bergen (Göteborg, Stockholm or Oslo) from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal and Amsterdam. Eighteen jet flights a week (and 10 each during the 34 weeks of the year). SAS service from Oslo without a connection. SAS service from Oslo without a connection. SAS service from Oslo without a connection.

SAS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM



How do you bag a sale at Union-Camp?

"I don't know what it is, but I've learned that successful salesmen don't come from the position of sales agent. Successful find out how business works."

Now, Union-Camp's new sales program, *Business Week*, makes business seemingly new to people everywhere. How do you bag a sale today?

"We give our business executives 'first experience' long and profit responsibility," says President Frederick G. Camp. "It's not just selling more goods. Business Week has helped us build top executives into sales and profit generating managers."

Working with a powerful group of key people is the secret to success. So fast do you sell from just one!

Get together, *Business Week*, the new business management plan that makes you a leader for business today, working for yourself, and success that goes from business to business.

As sales grow, *Business Week* grows. It's not just a business plan. It's a business plan that makes you a leader for business today, working for yourself, and success that goes from business to business.

Designed for the business world, *Business Week* offers a unique package of more than 400,000 management and program materials, concentrated business (8 business week sessions) available.



SELL AT THE DECISION LEVEL

New York, but the hotter the climate, the less likely it is to survive."

In gardening, as in most other pursuits, the buyer gets pretty much what he pays for. Bargain hunting in seeds is especially risky because not even an expert can detect a bad seed. And, as the Apostle Paul reminded the Galatians: *Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*

BEAUTY

The Silent Scream

Behind his newspaper, the man in the train is having a fight with his face. First his mouth wambles in a wild Watusi, then it gapes wide in a silent scream. All at once his eyebrows make a break for his brainpan, the tendons of his neck bulge in sudden constriction. Apoplexy? Withdrawal pains? Hangover? Not at all. Only a commuting executive giving himself his morning facial. Back home, blessedly unobserved, his wife is doing the same thing at the bathroom mirror.

Both grimacers are converts to the latest twist in isometric exercises, which hitherto—and short of the jowls—have been used increasingly in the past decade as a means of strengthening muscles by making them push, pull and strain. Now a Manhattan nurse named Clara E. Patterson is out with a book showing how the same type of exercise, performed five minutes daily, may replace "the usual 'face-lifting' job" in slimming chins and smoothing wrinkles.

Nurse Patterson's idea, to tighten and tone up physiognomies suffering from middle-age sag, is presented in *Facial Isometrics*. The 51 paperback is illustrated by the faces of a male and a female model who both look as if unspeakable tortures were being performed on their lower extremities. No wonder. The author's instructions urge practitioners to:

► Contract the muscles on either side of the nose as if sneezing, wrinkling the skin over the nose upward as hard as possible.



ISOMETRIC EXERCISERS

Watusi numbers and sudden gapes.



CONTACT SEARCH DURING U.C.L.A.-U.C. GAME
Kabuki postures and scabbles at fruggers' feet.

- Dilate the nostrils. Flare them.
- Pull the right and the left corner of the mouth down and out—separately.
- Purse the lips as if for kissing or whistling, very vigorously.
- Make both sides of the neck contract at the same time to the maximum extent; hold for six seconds, with head, neck and chest rigid. The skin should rise over the upper chest.
- Open mouth as wide as possible in all directions. Hold it.

CUSTOMS

Lens Insoana

Dorothy Parker to the contrary, ardent males and astigmatic lasses hit it off like Beekeeper and vermouth. What the pass thrower seldom realizes in such cases these days is that the eyes he's making eyes at are *sous cloche*. How could he? Of 6,000,000 contact wearers in the U.S. last year, nearly 65% were women. Since contact lenses first became widely available in 1953, bad eyesight has not only won social acceptability; among the young, particularly, it has become a status symbol.

Less than Graceful. Credit for the change goes mostly to such improvements as the corneal lens, made of Plexiglas, which is lighter and simpler to fit than the old scleral variety, covers only the iris and the pupil rather than the whole eye. Researchers are adapting other materials, notably a hydrophilic plastic; invented by two Czech scientists, the new rubbery lens is so flexible it never irritates the eye, and is porous enough to be worn while asleep.

Nonetheless, life for the contact wearer is still far from rose-colored. Cost of fitting the lenses (after an average of six sittings) ranges from \$150 to \$300. Then there is the matter of removing them, a highly complicated process involving a series of postures (feet planted firmly on the floor before the mirror, back hunched, one palm cupped below the eye, the other fanned out beside it) that might seem the essence of grace in a Kabuki dancer but stir less enthusiasm

when performed in a crowded ladies room, look downright insane in a restaurant. Worse still are the moments when removal is imperative due to a flying cinder or a sudden slip of a lens—or almost impossible (on a street corner, in a snowstorm); shrewd lensmen wear sunglasses on all outdoor excursions, preferring to be thought phony rather than weepy.

Two in One. Holding onto them is quite another matter. On a basketball court, where a simple shout of "Contact!" is enough to bring everything to a halt these days, or on a crowded dance floor, where couples scrambling among the fruggers' feet have become as essential as crepe paper at any successful prom, lost lenses simply disappear. Otherwise, they get wafted down drains, into swimming pools, off ski slopes. They are lodged between the pages of books, the coils of radiators, the seats in movie houses, never again to be seen or to afford sight. Moreover, the new lenses easily get stuck, one inside the other. The wife of a Peace Corpsman stationed in Peru thought she had lost one lens and waited three months for the replacement to arrive from New York, only to discover that the one she had been wearing all along was really two.

Actually, clear-sighted, 20/20 types with nasty minds can soon learn to spot the contact wearers in any crowd; they are the ones who either stare unwaveringly at the person speaking, lest a sudden swiveler gaze leave vision behind, or hold their heads very high, blinking faster than the speed of light, the better to keep out moles and intruding lashes. Since contacts are cheaper and take less time to grind on the Continent than in England, many Britons have them made to order while vacationing there—and thus are subject to customs duties on the lenses when they come home. According to a possibly apocryphal tale when one returning Englishwoman swore she had nothing to declare at London airport, the customs inspector tapped her right eyeball and inquired sweetly: "Are you sure?"

SCIENCE

SPACE

Milestone for Gemini

The Gemini program, which was designed to test the ability of astronauts to control a rendezvous of spaceships in orbit, had a difficult enough time even getting off the ground. But last week it passed an important milestone in the air. A Titan II rocket took off from Cape Kennedy and carried a 6,900-lb. Gemini capsule 99 miles high. No attempt was made to orbit; the capsule arched like a missile and plunged down at 16,600 m.p.h. toward a spot in the Atlantic 2,129 miles southeast of the Cape.

No humans were on board. In place of the two astronauts who will eventually ride in Gemini capsules were crew simulators: black boxes weighing 160 lbs. each, stuffed with batteries, timing devices, tape recorders and electronic apparatus capable of keeping records, testing communications and giving orders. With imperturbable efficiency, they turned the capsule so that its blunt heat shield was forward. At the proper moment, they separated an adapter section and fired four retrorockets. As the capsule dove down through the atmosphere, the shield streamed fire at 2,000° F. At 10,600 ft., a small stabilizing parachute opened, then the 84-in. main chute lowered the capsule into the ocean at 30 ft. per second. It was spotted quickly by helicopters from the aircraft carrier *Lake Champlain*, which picked it up with the help of frogmen.

The test was apparently a complete success. It proved that the new capsule can survive the critical strains of launching and re-entry. The only trouble came five minutes and 15 seconds after launch, when an electrical overload

opened a circuit breaker and cut off all power in the Flight Control Center for 47 seconds. This unglamorous mishap, equivalent to blowing a household fuse, stopped communication with the capsule, and might have been serious if astronauts had been aboard.

Project Gemini is now about 18 months behind schedule. Next step, if no more trouble develops, will be a two-man, three-orbit flight some time in April.

CHEMISTRY

Formula of Fugu

The poisonous puffer fish, which inflates itself into a small balloon when caught, lives in most of the world's oceans. But only in Japan, where it is called fugu, has it become a national tradition. There, though its poison kills 200 victims per year, its flesh sends gourmets into philosophical ecstasies. They get a particular kick from knowing they are playing a kind of gustatory Russian roulette.

The fugu has drawn additional attention by its long-defiant challenge to the chemists' skill. Its poison, tetrodotoxin, has proved almost impossible to isolate or identify. But Japanese science has finally turned the trick. For establishing the molecular structure of tetrodotoxin, Professors Kiyosuke Tsuda of Tokyo University, Yoshimasa Hirata of Nagoya University, Isamu Nitta of Kwansei Gakuin University, and Akira Yokoo of Okayama University have just won the prestigious Asahi prize.

No Antidote. Cases of tetrodotoxin poisoning do not occur every day, but only too often the chopsticks drop from a victim's fingers. His breathing becomes difficult; his heart action falters.

No antidote is known, and the fatality rate of fugu poisoning has remained nearly 60%.

The peak of fugu gastronomy is *sashimi* made from the rare tiger fugu: paper-thin slices of raw fish flesh arranged artistically on platters in flower or bird patterns. Japanese, who pay \$8 for two ounces of tiger fugu *sashimi*, eat it with almost religious ceremony and little or no risk. The *sashimi* is cut from the back flesh of the fugu, which is nonpoisonous unless it has been carelessly contaminated with poison from other parts.

Perilous Aphrodisiac. The peril and excitement come from other fugu dishes. Most risky is a milky-white preparation of fugu testes that is mixed with hot *sake* and drunk by eager virility seekers. The testes are nontoxic, but the ovaries and liver are so deadly that small bits of them can kill a man, and it takes an experienced chef to distinguish a deadly liver from an aphrodisiac testes.

Fugu chefs pass strict examinations before they are licensed to practice their risky art, but no Japanese politician would dare prohibit fugu, or even its dangerous entrails. Many of them, including Premier Eisaku Sato, are passionate fugu lovers.

For all its power, the poison exists in very small amounts, and its molecule is so delicate that it falls to pieces when chemically molested. Generations of chemists managed to make stronger and stronger concentrations of tetrodotoxin, and in 1949 Professor Akira Yokoo isolated the poison in pure crystalline form. But still the molecular formula defied investigation.

Practical Chore. The chemists used every kind of modern apparatus as soon as it became available, but progress was slow. Then some of them turned to X-ray diffraction and called on an IBM 7090 computer to interpret their results. Finally, they found the long-sought formula which is unlike that of any other known poison. Then a group of chemists at Stanford University led by Professor Harry S. Mosher found the same poison in egg clusters of California newts. Both U.S. and Japanese chemists are now trying to figure out why such distantly related animals as fish and newts should have the same rare poison.

Japanese chemists are also hard at work on a more practical chore: finding an antidote for tetrodotoxin poisoning. But success may not be applauded by risk-loving gourmets. When a bottle of antitoxin is standing in every restaurant, the dangerous fugu will have become just another fish; fugu roulette will have lost its excitement, and something unique will have vanished from Japanese culture.

American puffer fish, which are also poisonous, are sold as "sea squish" or under some other euphemistic name. Only the back flesh is cut free; the dangerous remainder of the fish is discarded at sea.



FUGU CHEF GENZO KAWISHIMA



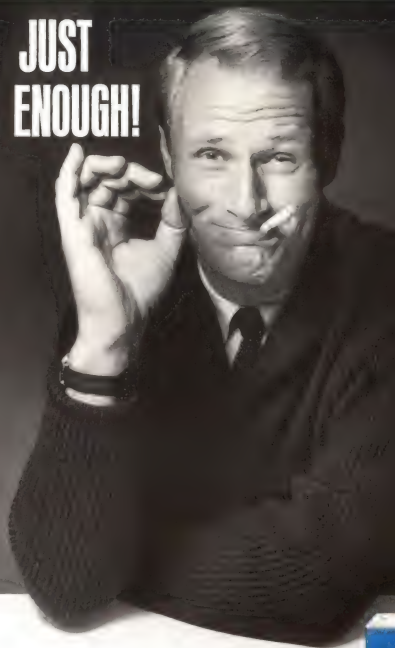
FUGU CRANE



FUGU CHRYSANTHEMUM

Philosophical ecstasies from gustatory roulette.

JUST ENOUGH!



Just enough in every puff with new Montclair

Only new Montclair puts menthol in the filter for a bright, lively menthol flavor. And new Montclair is extra mild for a lighter, milder taste.

Just enough bright lively flavor . . . just enough light mild taste.
Just enough in every puff with new Montclair.

Product of The American Tobacco Company



MUSIC

OPERA

Grimm for Grownups

The opera had all the makings of a flop. The set designer had never designed a set before. The male lead had never sung outside the shower. The conductor could not see the singers onstage. As for the opera, its last professional U.S. production, seven years ago, had been decidedly unsuccessful. Yet when the Minneapolis Center Opera Company presented Carl Orff's *The Wise Woman* and the King at the Iyorne Guthrie Theater last week, it proved to be one of the most engaging productions of the U.S. opera season.

Wise Woman falls somewhere between opera and Broadway musical.

punch to the love and lust departments. Balk deftly reworked several of the couplets, whose stiffly literal translation he believes is the major reason why *Wise Woman* previously failed in the U.S. Thus:

Virtue is a precious dress.

Do not wear it to excess

became in Balk's version

Virtue is a pair of pants

You drop them when you get the chance

and

Good luck, good luck, she is a whore

When you yourself can keep the score

was changed to

Good luck is a clever whore.

She always keeps you wanting more.

Since the theater's arena stage has no



MINNEAPOLIS CENTER OPERA COMPANY'S "WISE WOMAN"

Turning Orff back on.

Adapted from a fairy tale, it is Grimm for grownups, a Rabelaisian romp peopled with a thieving king, a miser, an irascible king, a too-wise queen, and a trio of drunken tramps who keep the action crackling along at a raucous, laugh-a-minute pace. The score is uniquely Orff—primitive rhythms and simple, rustic melodies, punctuated with fanfares and percussive outbursts. Orff, 69, Germany's most famed contemporary composer, believes that "melody and speech belong together," and in his Singspiel-style he strives for a marriage in which neither dominates the other. Above all, his *Wise Woman* is what many operas are not—good theater.

Love & Lust. The opera's resounding success is due in large measure to the brilliantly imaginative staging of Director H. Wesley Balk, 32, who views the fable as a discourse on "spiritual realities, which run from earthy paganism to ethereal mysticism and back again, with lots of love, lust, violence and cruelty in between." To lend more

orchestra pit, Conductor Thomas Nee had to direct his 30 musicians behind a scrim curtain at the rear of the set. He followed the action over stereophonic earphones, delivered his cues to a closed-circuit TV camera that the cast monitored on two concealed screens.

Salvation Army. The two-level set was designed by Pop Sculptor Richard Randell, 35, who fashioned a gillsprayed throne out of a tangle of exhaust pipes, shock absorbers, grease guns and tire-less wheels. On the lower level, he amassed heaps of railroad ties, packing boxes, oversized inner tubes pierced with spikes, and coils of tubing wire—"the residue of industrial decay to show the decadent state of the kingdom, a kind of subterranean pop art."

The costumes, traditionally Early Elizabethan, became instead Late Salvation Army: most of the wardrobe was scrounged from thrift shops. The king wore ski pants; his scepter was a three-foot-long egg beater. The queen's ornate crown was made of plastic spoons melt-

ed together. One tramp had a hockey player's metal groin protector sewed to his pants, another swigged wine from a rubber enema bag.

Wise Woman was premiered in 1943, has since become one of Orff's most popular works in Europe. Thanks to the enterprising Minneapolis company, founded just two years ago, Orff's fairy tale may live happily ever after in the U.S. as well.

INSTRUMENTS

New Voice for Chartres

After pulling up 88 spiraling stone steps, Marcel Dupré, the greatest organist in France, sat down at the 500-year-old organ, a magnificent work of art whose 2,270 fluted pipes pyramid majestically into the vaulted heights of Chartres Cathedral. It was to be his first recital in that majestic shrine, an hour to remember. But as Dupré launched into Bach's *Tocata and Fugue in G Minor*, the organ balked and choked off a high note. The organist winced, but forged on, muttering "lamentable, lamentable."

That was in 1952, and the citizens of Chartres have not forgotten the incident, for Dupré has never returned and the organ has since become a cause of national embarrassment. "Every Sunday" grieves the cathedral's permanent organist, Marcel Ruello, "there's a new accident. We just never know what's going to come out." What often does emerge is an unsettling chorus of wheezes and groans, death rattles of a grand old instrument buckling under the weight of time. Unable to stand it any longer, one Chartres parishioner, Publisher Pierre Firmin-Didot, has launched a nationwide fund-raising campaign to help "Chartres refine its voice" as one newspaper put it.

It will take a lot of rallying. The once mighty organ, some of whose parts date back to 1475, has suffered severe internal injuries over the centuries. In 1836 a fire swept the cathedral and silenced the organ for a decade. Two world wars took an even heavier toll. The cathedral's stained-glass windows, removed to protect them from bombing raids, were replaced by sheets of oilcloth, which soon developed gaping holes, admitting not only rain and wind but also squadrons of pigeons that fancied the organ pipes as a roost. For years afterwards, repairmen were extracting pigeon skeletons from the pipes; some pipes have already caved in, while others are held together with string.

Campaigner Firmin-Didot figures that complete renovation will cost about \$120,000. It will take a year to dismantle, renovate and reassemble the massive instrument as a "neoclassic" organ. When the job is done, says Organist Ruello, Chartres for the first time will hear "the wide range of musical literature to which it is rightfully entitled."

MEDICINE

BIRTH CONTROL

Say Little, Do a Lot

The official U.S. Government policy on birth control used to be to say nothing about it, and do less. Last week it became clear that the Government has a new policy: say as little as possible, but do quite a lot.

Dr. Murray Grant, public health director of the District of Columbia, told the New York Academy of Medicine that the Children's Bureau, a unit of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, has recently allotted \$5,500,000 to support clinics where birth-control information and supplies are given. These are in New York City, Baltimore, Detroit, Philadelphia, Augusta, Ga., Portland, Ore., San Juan and Ponce in Puerto Rico, and on a statewide basis in West Virginia.

Children's Bureau funds are appropriated for maternal and child welfare. Under the old policy, federal money was considered unavailable to support birth control, although family planners have long insisted that limiting children to the number that parents can support adequately is an essential feature of both maternal and child health.

New York City has already received \$1,463,000 to help support seven of its clinics, where services include birth control help, reported Health Commissioner George James. And Hospitals Commissioner Ray E. Trussell said that the 14 city-operated general hospitals are greatly expanding their birth control services. In 1964, Bellevue Hospital gave advice and supplies to 5,000 women.

Federal, state and city officials all emphasize that they are not peddling contraceptives or propagandizing for their use. The clinics wait for patients to ask for information and supplies; the Federal Government waits for states and cities to ask for grants.

OTOLOGY

Not So Deaf, Not So Dumb

If a baby is born too deaf to hear, he cannot imitate speech and therefore cannot learn to talk. At least one baby in every thousand is born with no apparent capacity for hearing; he is "deaf and dumb." But so-called congenital deaf-mutism is actually a misnomer because inborn defects of the vocal cords that make speech impossible are almost unknown. The real trouble is in the hearing mechanism. The vocal difficulty is almost inevitable because children judged to be beyond the help of any hearing aid are often sent to special schools where the emphasis may be on lip reading and sign language. Their own voices may never develop intelligible sounds, so they may fit their lives to their handicap and relegate themselves to a deaf-mute ghetto.

But not if the born-deaf baby is lucky

enough to land in either of two special schools in France, both run by Dr. Guy Perdoncini, 50, who has his schools in Villefranche near Nice, and at La Norville outside Paris. Otolologists have long known that even the "totally" deaf child usually has a vestige of hearing—mainly for the rumbling, deep-bass tones, which carry more energy than thin, high notes. Dr. Perdoncini was convinced that even this minimal capacity could be developed so that the child could learn near-normal speech. And in finding ways to prove his theory, he has made

to hear a widening range of frequencies. Tones that came through to him so weakly that once they stirred no response at all now turn into recognizable sounds. Soon the child is fitted with a microphone, and when he makes a noise with his own vocal cords, he sees a light flash on and the teacher signals receipt of this message with her hand.

Inevitably, many a child begins by pitching his own vocal efforts too high or too low, too loud or too soft. Dr. Perdoncini and his twelve teachers are implacable about correcting a pupil's pitch until it is acceptable. The child who is born deaf may need only a year to learn how to pronounce the names of



DR. PERDONCINI LEADING DEAF-MUTE PUPILS IN SONG
Long and short building blocks of sound.

himself a world leader in the treatment and education of the congenitally deaf.

No Lip Reading. Dr. Perdoncini believes in getting his pupils started young, often with preliminary training at home when they are only a year old. To make lip reading impossible, he and his teachers cover their mouths with loose cloth masks. At three or four, the child goes to school full time.

The little freshman in a Perdoncini school is fitted with earphones into which a bass tone is fed at a volume that would be ear-shattering to a person with normal hearing. At first the sensation means nothing to the student. But he also gets a visual signal: a light flashes on along with the sound, and the teacher gestures with her hand to show that she has heard and seen. The youngest copies her and gestures with his hand to show that he, too, has heard and seen. Soon he learns to recognize the sound alone, and the visual cue is abandoned. Next he learns that sounds may be long or short, and with building blocks of different lengths he tells teacher which is which.

After a few weeks or months, depending on his own rate of advance, the child enters a world in which some sounds are high-pitched, some low. With patiently encouraged practice he learns

foods, toys or friends. Words for abstract ideas take longer.

Catching Up. Slowly, as they learn that the sounds they are imitating carry specific meanings, the kids build up a practical vocabulary. Then, equipped with powerful hearing aids, they are graduated from Dr. Perdoncini's schools around age ten. They are not cured—they are still deaf—but now they can make use of the small auditory sense they have. They have been habilitated to the stage where they can go to ordinary schools and face the task of catching up to normal children. At the same time, without skill in lip reading or sign language, they adapt themselves to the society of those for whom talking is as natural as breathing.

Dr. Perdoncini, a modest Riviera of Swiss-Italian extraction, does not claim to have discovered or invented anything—only to have developed a method that, when pursued with enough patience and determination, gets results. He is understandably pleased that his method is finally being adopted by special schools in Italy, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Lebanon. One such school has begun operating in Quebec, and four Canadian teachers are currently in Villefranche for a year's study of Dr. Perdoncini's method.

EDUCATION

STUDENTS

"On the Fringe of a Golden Era" (See Cover)

"If Booth Tarkington were to write *Seventeen* today," says a Connecticut high school English teacher, "he'd have to call it *Twelve*." Sociologist Reuel Denney notes with fascination the shopping list of a twelve-year-old suburban girl: "Water pistol, brassiere, permanent." When a 16-year-old Louisville boy, as a practical joke, gravely announced at dinner that his girl friend was pregnant, the first reaction of the

works: in the mid-1960s, smarter, subtler and more sophisticated kids are pouring into and out of more expert, exacting and experimental schools.

They Know More. Caltech President Lee DuBridge believes that "there is no question that today's teen-ager coming to one of the major colleges is better educated and more seriously motivated than ever before." Profiting by a vast improvement in teaching methods, curriculums and equipment, "our children know more about things than we did," says New World Foundation Consultant Frank G. Jennings. Ellsworth



PACIFIC PALISADES HIGH COED & DANA NYE

Smarter and subtler kids from more expert and exacting schools.

stunned family came from the boy's younger brother, 13. "My God," he said. "You'll lose your allowance."

Worldly, interesting, informed and even intellectual when barely out of childhood, young kids all over the U.S. are pulling down the entry age to teen-dom. Even as they do, the affluent society is pushing up the average age of school leaving. The lengthened span of teen-ager—what Johns Hopkins Sociologist James Coleman calls "the coming earlier to social maturity while having to spend a considerably longer period in a dependent role"—is further fattened by a growth rate of teen-age population that is four times as high as the U.S. average. The country now has 24 million people aged 13 to 19.

This one-eighth of the nation is chiefly formed and fashioned by the schools, where teen-agers spend half of their waking hours. If Lyndon Johnson succeeds in getting "every child the best education the nation can provide," the schools' responsibility will grow ever greater. And by and large the pattern

Tompkins, executive secretary of the National Education Association's 30,000 secondary school principals, holds that "over the past seven or eight years we have experienced in the schools the most important developments since the establishment of public education."

In no society of all history have more teen-agers gone to school and stayed there through such advanced ages. In 1900 only 13% of U.S. children of the ages 14 through 17 were students. By 1940 the ratio had risen to 73%. Now enrollment is close to 95% of the high-school-age population, and more than half the graduates will enter college. With 700 two-year colleges already enrolling nearly a million students, experienced trend watchers forecast that in 1980 the ordinary U.S. student will not leave the classroom until he is 20 or 21.

The burden of added numbers, rather than forcing down academic standards, has raised them. "The big drop in quality that many educators were predicting ten years ago just never took place," says Curriculum Planner A. Harry Pas-

sow of Columbia's Teachers College. Instead, the average performance of junior and senior high school teen-agers on many tests has been gradually rising, reports E. F. Lindquist, president of the Measurement Research Center at the University of Iowa. Even though the exams are tougher than a decade ago, and even though seven times as many students (1,500,000 this year) are taking them, scores on the formidable College Entrance Boards have stayed up—thus revealing how quickly excellence has attained depth. James B. Conant, whose *The American High School Today*, published in 1959, became the bible of reform, is dumfounded. Last week, addressing an N.E.A. convention of secondary school principals in Miami, he happily confessed that "writing about American education is almost as breathtaking as writing about international politics. Before a book is in print, parts of it are already out of date."

Tough Culture. Just as obsolete are most conventional notions about teen-agers, a word invented in the U.S. and popularized scarcely 25 years ago to supplant such earlier images as the care-free Huck Finn type, the early-to-work Horatio Alger model and the heavily psychological "adolescent" of three decades back. It was the culmination of the process by which, as Sociologist Denney points out, the U.S. became the first nation to transform children from "a family asset as labor to a family liability as student-consumer." That liability is one that the U.S. seems willing to afford; it has created a flourishing sub-culture whose goals, heroes, styles and customs are, in the teen-age word of admiration, "tough."

The most startling part of the change may be that the classic conflict between parents and children is letting up. The archetype of the James Dean-style cool youth is giving way to the likes of the teen-age hero of James Leigh's new novel *What Can You Do?* "I've never been able to see the big rebellion scene in order to prove you're an individual," draws Hero Phil Fuller. "Much less friction if you just go with it. That's elementary physics: the heat of friction is waste energy."

Parental Abdication. At the same time, adults who lived through a great depression, a shattering war, an anxious peace, and the whole onslaught of existentialism are less inclined than ever to proclaim what Margaret Mead calls "parental imperatives." Some of the slackening has been as silly as the diffident dad in Max Schulman's *I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf*, who takes his son on "palship walks." But much of the diminishing tension results from parental intent as well as parental abdication. Harvard Sociologist Talcott Parsons finds many young parents "committed to a policy of training serious independence in youth," to which children respond with seriousness—and an occasional wilful

regret. "I don't get authority at home," sighs Dana Nye, 17, a student at Pacific Palisades High School in Los Angeles. "We're just a bunch of people who go about our business and live under one roof. One of these days I'd like to sit down and find out from my parents what they really believe in."

What a lot of parents believe, as one mother expresses it, is that "a parent who says to a child 'I don't know' is somehow better than one who says 'I know for sure.'" Inevitably many adolescents are left with few guidelines. "Their difficulty," says Harvard historian Laurence Wylie, "lies not in living up to expectations, but in discovering what they really are." The result, according to University of California Sociologist Edgar Z. Friedenberg, is "the vanishing adolescent"—made to mature earlier, yet in many ways still engagingly immature. And since "part of the American dream is to live long and die young," many adults ambivalently relish and resent the teen-ager's freedom and spontaneity. "Our whole culture believes less in authority," snaps a Detroit priest. "Yet the teen-ager is the only one criticized for not recognizing it."

"The very changes that society is undergoing have spawned something more than was bargained for," writes James Coleman in *The Adolescent Society*. "Adolescents today are cut off, probably more than ever before, from the adult society. They are dumped into a society of their peers, whose habitats are the halls and classrooms of their schools, the teen-age canteens, the corner drug-store, the automobile." That is where teen-agers get their tastes and values. "They're in cahoots now," says Columbia Psychologist Arthur Jersild.

Noonday at "Pali." One anthropologically absorbing place to watch these characteristics in interplay is the wall-less, roofed area for cafeteria tables at Pacific Palisades High School, bordering on Sunset Boulevard. "Pali," as the kids call it, is a new, \$7,000,000, red brick campus for 2,100 upper-middle-class students. "These are the students' cars," says English Teacher Jeanne Hernandez, pointing to a fast collection of "wheels" ranging up to Jags, "and there are the teachers' cars," pointing to a sedate group of compacts and the like. "It's so lush here that it's unreal," she says. "After a while you feel like a missionary in the tropics. If you don't get out, you go native."

The natives observe a rigid noonday ritual. The social elite—a breezy clique called the Palisades-Brentwood Singing and Drinking Association—hold court at cafeteria tables reserved by custom for them. Near by, like ladies in waiting, two plain girls snatch at conversational crumbs tossed by a pair of homecoming queens. At another table are the "social rejects"—girls on the fringes of the elite whose boy friends are now tired of them. "They are still allowed to go to parties," explains a guide, "but they

aren't in on the really big decisions, like who the elite will back in student elections."

Toward the rear of the hall sit the service club members and the rah-rah crowd, "the squares who really believe in student government." Other tribes are the Saracens, who include a small motorcycle hood element; the clowns, a group of practical jokers who wear Mickey Mouse shirts to signify that all human existence is fraudulent; the intellectuals, who lounge on the steps of the administration building as the rest of the student body speculates over whether the long-haired girls among them are professional virgins or real swingers; and an amorphous crowd that

"We're not going to talk about sex, are we?" says a blond kid in horn-rims, yawning. The latest dance is the jerk: partners face each other three feet apart, then languorously sway their upper-spine and arms while rhythmically punctuating the undulations with a savage pelvic thrust.

"You can't marry anyone important without going to college," says Candace McCoy, a Pali senior whose looks suggest the Mona Lisa melded with Gidget. "But there is more to it than that, I don't want to go through life uneducated." Her father, an aerospace engineer, "is always on my back about grades," but "mother just gave up on me about six years ago and decided I



TEEN-AGE DANCERS IN WINNETKA, ILL.

Father didn't know what puberty was until he was almost past it.

defies classification by declaring unanimously: "I'm myself."

Parental pressure for grades at Pali is intense: students often retaliate at home by demanding cars, clothes, expensive vacations. "If you aren't aware of the underlying fraud," explains Senior Al Hunsaker, an A student, "then you become a grind. In a way, it's a massive put-on, faking out the community and the family without going through the suffering of a full-fledged revolt." "As long as we don't make waves," a classmate adds, "the administration is happy."

Dancing the Jerk. Drinking is common enough among Pali students, and the important thing is style. "It's all right to get blasted, if you can be witty or brave," says Larry Futterman, 17, "but if you get sloppy, you're way out." Glue-sniffing and marijuana are also out, because they bring on major trouble from the cops. Illicit sex is discussed more intensely than it is practiced, but even the talk is becoming boring since it involves a responsibility wary Pali teen-agers are not willing to accept.

was destined to enjoy life, nothing more." Twice a week Candy dates basketball players, her way of steering between tribal obligations to the social elite and a "guilty" attraction for intellectuals ("They are so worthwhile"). The specific attraction is Jamie Kelso, 16, a skinny near genius who studies only those subjects that interest him, mostly political science and history.

"I enjoy three things," says Jamie. "Being in a bookstore with \$10 in my pocket, a rainy day at the beach, and insight in terms of finding insight in myself." Like many Pali students, he does not especially enjoy his home life. "I'm kinda hoping to make a more meaningful person out of my mother, but it's hard work." Meaning is Jamie's favorite word. "What do good grades mean?" he asks. "And what if I go along, get married, have a good job and raise kids? Do we know what it is all about? Are the people around us really alive?" As for getting into college, he proposes a new kind of entrance exam: "The old eyeball test—the candidate and the admissions officer should look at each

other until someone blinks." If the officer blinks first, he has to admit the kid.

Fashions in Fashions. Other schools, other mores—in fashions, music, buying, sex, goals and heroes.

Almost everywhere boys dress in madras shirts and chinos, or perhaps green Levi's—all tame and neat. The standard for girls is sweaters and skirts dyed to match, or shirtwaists and jumpers, plus blazers. Weejean loafers, and knee socks or stockings (required at Palo in even the hottest weather). There is a small vogue for black and white saddle shoes—cruelly called "polio boots" for their bulky appearance.

Sprayed, teased hair has mostly given way to the long, loose style. "You see some girls with big bouffis still, scratching their heads with pencils," sniffs Del-

vertisers to pursue the consumer "not in the sweet by-and-by, but in the much sweeter now-and-now." Now-and-now statistics show that teen-agers spend \$570 million on toiletries, \$1.5 billion a year on entertainment, \$3.6 billion on women's clothes—\$12 billion all told. They account for 25% of the record industry, 35% of the movie audience. "Action comedies with music," like *Beach Party*, *Bikini Beach*, *Beach Blanket Bingo* and the forthcoming *How to Succeed in a Wild Bikini*, get made for only one sweet reason, explains Samuel Z. Arkoff of American International Pictures. "They're a kind of never-never land in modern undress." Teen-agers are not necessarily flattered by so much commercial attention. This month the student assembly at Lincoln High School

High School, where students say there were three pregnancies last year, embarrasses a couple leaving a party to be alone by crying "Baaa" and jerking their elbows in a sideward motion, indicating that the couple intends to do more than make sheep's eyes. Interracial necking is acceptable, reports Junior Clyde Leland, 15, "but usually they're the phonies trying so hard to be liberal." Denver's suburban Cherry Creek High is known for academic excellence and high-strung students, but it also has "woodies"—dancing on the sand of a dry creek bed while beer cans pop and music from car radios blasts the night air. A current joke at Houston's Bellaire High asks: "What's white and scares teen-agers?" Answer: the stork. Sherry Watson, 17, a popular member of the baton-twirling Bellaire Belles, is casual about boys. "Why, you've either dated them all once, or else they're like a brother to you and you wouldn't have them."

"Some couples who go steady are extremely idealistic," says Mrs. Sherrill Godwin, a counselor at Griffith High School just outside Winston-Salem. "That is why early marriages occur if she should get pregnant—from the idealism." Yet rural life is changing rapidly. Down on the farm, one time-honored way of learning about sex, watching the animals, is disappearing. "Today the animals are artificially inseminated," observes Mrs. Joseph Rademacher of Peotone, Ill. (pop. 3,300), mother of four sons, including teen-agers Bob, 16, and Bill, 14. "So I felt I should answer their questions rather than have some outsider tell them."

Goals & Heroes. Finding models and purpose is a major teen-age occupation.

The traditional high school hero has been the star athlete; the serious young scholar who did not go out for a team was usually scorned as a "curve raiser" who made it tough on his classmates. The tradition may be changing. "I think the athletes are losing out," observes Daniel G. McMurtrie, 17, from Detroit's Denby High School. "It's in to be an individual and not be afraid to bring up serious questions," Jimmy Fitzpatrick, a senior at Santa Monica High School, is in with the local surfing crowd. His hero is James Bond. "He's got everything. Everyone I know wants to be like him."

"The thing I like most is experience," says U.S. Teen Queen I Uci Baines Johnson, 17. "I don't like to read about things, I want to do them." "Getting somewhere and proving yourself are the most important things," says Florence Jeffers, 16, a pert sophomore from Bridgeton, N.J., who is a class vice president ("Round up a posse and vote for Floosie"), a member of seven school clubs, and a prizewinning baker of chocolate-chip cookies and chocolate cake. "I'd like to be a Jack-of-all-trades and a master of one," Carolyn Smith, 17, is taking seven periods of art at New Canaan (Conn.) High School, aims to



BICYCLE SUIT \$35



SHERRY WATSON



DANCE PANTS \$60

\$12 billion for the sweet now-and-now.

big Scott, a loose-haired Atlanta 15-year-old. Some girls even press their hair on ironing boards. If they carry lankness of hair to the Moricue stage, girls are also likely to put on textured or patterned stockings, pierce their ear lobes (with an ice cube to deaden the pain), and call themselves beat.

Behind every reasonably well-heeled teen-ager lurks a stereo set endlessly playing the Beatles, the tearful ballads of Joan Baez or the homogenized harmonies of Peter, Paul and Mary. Big in the older set: the twanging social protests of Folk Singer Bob Dylan. Theolomous Monk is generally classified with Guy Lombardo as "from another era."

Growing Down. In most such matters of fad, teen-agers are unwilling to give a moment's heed to adult criticism—for they know that grownups eventually get wise. Growing down to teen tastes, adults took over the twist, the Beatles, straight hair and tight pants, among dozens of other crazes. "Is nothing sacred any more?" moans one teen-ager.

Teen magazines thus urge their ad-

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Designed by Elise Curtis for David Stone; rights by Beautiful Byways; shoes by Pappagallo; modeled by Paula Fenten. Bicycle suit, by Robert Sloan; modeled by Colleen Corbis.

Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-men Society EXPOSED!

WE'VE BROUGHT the dark dealing forces of the underground RMSFSS out into the open at last! (As you may remember, the hubub so far centers around our bonnie efforts to bring The Real MACKENZIE Scotch Whisky to you good Americans, while all the while The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society selfishly fight to keep The MACKENZIE away all to themselves.)

Our cunning exposé began with one of the more enterprising members of our organization worming his sly way into their clannish conspiracy by flashing a bogus RMSFSS badge around certain Highland Pubs. After winning their confidence by expounding profoundly on the real smooth light flavour and full-bodied mellowness that is found only in The Real MACKENZIE, our agent was taken as one of them and led (blind-folded) to a secret rendezvous at Eilean Castle.



Secret hide-out at Eilean discovered.

There, our undercover man was unceremoniously initiated into their closed ranks by having his underdrawers stamped RMSFSS. (See above evidence.)



Rare photo of clandestine clan revealed.

RMSFSS

What RMSFSS men wear under their kilts uncovered.

Unruffled, he managed to be snapping away with a hidden camera and jotting down damaging notes.

Next, a meeting took place amidst much riotous cheering and toast making. The leader of the secret society (who incredibly claims to be a direct descendant of old Peter Mackenzie himself) (we're checking his tree at this very moment) spoke at great length on the tradition of The Real MACKENZIE being the Scotsman's best friend, indeed for the past 138 years, and how they must fight no matter what the odds be to keep it that way.

Our man in Eilean, forced to sit and applaud such drivel, consoled himself by hoisting a goodly number of noggins o' the lovely MACKENZIE.

After more boisterous outbreaks and much piping from rebel pipers, a business meeting of sorts was called to hatch plots on how to stop our drive to send The Real MACKENZIE to you deserving lads in America.

Och aye, the intrigues flew fast and thick. Some, so scrofulous they are not fit to print. But finally, the plotters agreed on a scheme (our agent did admit it a devil-

ishly clever one) whereby the RMSFSS members pledged themselves wholeheartedly to drink up all existing bottles of The Real MACKENZIE, leaving nary a dribble left to export to America.

Americans! We are doing everything in our power to prevent this motley band (RMSFSS) from keeping The Real MACKENZIE from you. We promise anew our loyal devotion and brave efforts to insure that you may be allowed to sample the many joys of The Real MACKENZIE!

By I aoch, we have them on the run now, lads. Go out and buy, buy, buy The Real MACKENZIE!!!

**Stand Up and Be Counted
Among Us! Help Stamp out
the RMSFSS. Get ye MAC-
KENZIE Plaid coin purse.**



Send 75¢ (A better bargain
you'll not be finding) to
MACKENZIE, Dept. P,
Box 900, Louisville, Ky.



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*Rare 12 and 20 year old Real
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What if she's dressing the baby when your commercial's on daytime TV?

You miss her. You also miss millions of other mothers and wives too busy to watch TV during the day.

How can you reach them? Advertise in LIFE. According to the latest Simmons Report, LIFE reaches 8,932,000 adult women who don't even watch television on an average day.

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too. Over 6 million women who read LIFE live in families with incomes of \$8,000 or more a year. TV's best rated daytime entry reaches less than a third of these prime prospects.

If you want to get your message to women TV doesn't reach and to women with more income than daytime TV delivers, advertise in LIFE.

LIFE

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be a professional painter, and is glad that, unlike most of her classmates, "I know what I'm going to do in life."

Jon Holdaway has been "bouncing around like a rubber ball. I'm immature, plenty," he admits cheerfully, "but I don't feel I'm mixed up." Holdaway, 18, is a track star at Seattle's Ingraham High School, a National Merit Scholarship semifinalist, and last summer was a tenor soloist in the first U.S. high school choir to tour Japan. He is torn between a career in political science or music, but in either case his goal is personal happiness. "That is the issue when you evaluate your life."

Sarah Greensfelder is firm on the subject of heroes: "It's not a very good concept, because you're always thinking of what you ought to be and not what you are." Sarah is 13 and an agnostic who nevertheless keeps a reproduction of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel on the ceiling above her bed. She lives in a modest frame house in Mill Valley, near San Francisco, and licks stamps for Snick when she is not demonstrating for one cause or another. Zealously committed, she wanted to join the sit-ins at Berkeley, but her mother would not let her.

The Dung Heap. Negro teen-agers live in a world apart. "Culturally deprived, culturally deprived! That's all I hear," says Willie Armstead, 16, an A student at David Starr Jordan High School in the black ghetto of Los Angeles. "It's not so much that I mind being in an all-Negro school. What I care about is not being able to get together with white kids, or just kids with other backgrounds, and discussing ideas." Leslie Harris, 16, a talented musician and a student at Chicago's Wendell Phillips High School, has picketed the Chicago board of education to protest the skimpy treatment of Negro history in the standard public school curriculum.

Armstead and Harris are college-bound, but they are the exceptions. For most slum kids, says Hunter College Sociologist Ernest Smith, "the American dream is not the American fact. These children cannot respond to what is being taught, and most educators resist changing the curriculums to aid these children." Kenneth B. Clark, New York psychologist and civil rights leader, holds that "the Negro kid who drops out of school is probably doing so to protect himself from a system designed to throw him on the dung heap of our society."

Already beyond the schools' help, for example, is Harlem Dropout Harrison Campbell, 16, who quit Manhattan Vocational High School in the tenth grade last November. Campbell wanted to be a carpenter, "but I wasn't learning nothing, no how," and no one urged him to stay on. Nowadays, he sleeps until noon, plays cards and records with his buddies until 3 p.m., then ambles over to a neighborhood school playground for a game of basketball or football. Campbell hopes to get a job soon, delivering

telephone books at \$11.80 a day. "That's good bread," he says.

The Transformation. "The youngster who has only muscle to sell is an obsolete man," observes William Levenson, education professor at Western Reserve. Whereas earlier generations believed that there were many ways to get ahead, today's teen-agers think that schooling is perhaps the only way to success. "The educational period which was once tentative and experimental," notes Anthropologist Mead, "is now quite as directly functional as the life of a weaver's apprentice during the Middle Ages." The resulting "college education syndrome" puts immense pressures on teen-agers. Some kids occasionally rise at 3 a.m. to study—one Washington mother has to forbid her girls to get up before 6. And

that "any subject can be taught effectively in some intellectually honest form to any child at any stage of development." The theory became practice at M.I.T., where a study group headed by Jerrold Zacharias devised a new high school physics course in 1956 based on the notion that it was more fun, and more instructive, to understand the principles of physics by performing experiments rather than by memorizing a mass of facts and rarely testing them in the lab. The system was called the "discovery method," and it quickly spread to the other sciences as university scholars joined with public school teachers to revise curriculums.

New math now reaches about 70% of the students in Grades 7 through 12. This year nearly half the high school



BILL RADEMACHER DOING CHORES

Supplanting the early-to-work Horatio Alger model.

so eager are kids to find colleges that when a wag at New Canaan High posted an invitation for interviews with the admissions officer of "Whasamatta College," five students signed up.

All pressure would go for nothing if the schools were failing. But they are not. The emerging truth is that the tentative innovations of the recent past—honors courses, team teaching, language labs, curriculum reform, "enrichment," comprehensive schools, independent study, advanced placement, non-graded classes, "new" this or that—have in the main worked toward a successful transformation of U.S. secondary education. Although the U.S. educational system is too varied, too unwieldy, too much subject to local control for the tide to be national, the direction is clear. Says J. Lloyd Trump, who pioneered the team-teaching method: "We're on the fringe of a golden era in education. It's going to come slowly, but we're heading there."

Discovery Method. The era was opened by such men as Harvard Psychologist Jerome Bruner, who perceived

students studying physics are learning by discovery; one-third of the chemistry students and one-fourth of the biology students are taking completely revamped courses. Along with the curriculum changes came a new technology—programmed instruction, audio-visual equipment, classroom television, computers—which freed schools from the idea that one teacher standing before a class of 30 children was the ideal form of instruction.

Combining the latest in technology and content, foreign-language study has grown and improved. Since 1958, when U.S. public schools conducted 46 language labs, the number has soared to 7,000. Instead of memorizing vocabulary lists and grammatical rules, the student teen-ager puts on headphones, listens to tapes, and gets a result almost unheard of in earlier decades of high school instruction: he speaks and understands the language.

Who Teaches Better? The discovery method has also improved courses in the humanities and the social sciences, with students increasingly asked to solve



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*Dean, School of Graduate Dentistry,
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"That is true in my field. And from observation, I judge it to be true in a special way of the field of life insurance.

"Life insurance is a very personal and

vital thing. It has to be highly flexible. Family situations change. So do taxes and estate problems. You find no stock answers, no room for homemade diagnoses.

"The wise move is to rely for guidance on a well-trained agent. And I mean one who, through formal seminars and courses, as well as day to day experience, continues to keep himself studiously abreast of all that is new.

"Where does one find such an agent?

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Proof of this is that 1 in 6 NML agents is a Chartered Life Underwriter. And 1 in 9 is a member of the Million Dollar Round Table. Both of these ratios are far above the averages for the life insurance business.

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problems, not memorize answers. A "Power Reading" program in 23 Los Angeles high schools, for example, teaches students to define the author's purpose, analyze the logic, and compare the work to original sources. Having learned anew that writing equals thinking, schools are requiring more composition—and in the process they are finding that a widespread and sensible rebound from distorted permissiveness has permitted the rise of a generation of teen-agers who can spell. And the best of John Dewey's liberating progressive education, with its joy in learning, is a powerful precursor of the discovery method.

"There's no question," says Conant, "that the American public is now more in favor of tough, rough standards for

that the high schools can teach better than we can."

That may well be the case at nearby Newton High School, guinea pig for most of the new curriculum changes. Four Harvard professors are teaching classes in social studies there, and students take advanced-placement exams in ten of the twelve available subjects. "I don't think we have a program here that was going ten years ago," says Principal Richard Mechem. The latest change: overhauling vocational training, which reflects a new—and overdue—concern of U.S. education.

Knights in Shining Chinos. The Great Society, or any society, needs manpower as well as brainpower. The scholastically brilliant will invent new computers, but the academically average must know



EXAM TIME AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
The youngster with only muscle is obsolete.

those who can take it." Many high schools now require five courses a semester, not four. Hardly a high school exists without some sort of enriched academic program for gifted students. For super-nourishment, students can take advanced-placement exams, which may land them in the sophomore class at college and will at least eliminate the necessity of taking certain freshman courses. In 1955, when the College Entrance Examination Board introduced advanced-placement exams, 12,000 students from 104 U.S. high schools took them; last May 29,000 students from 2,000 high schools took them.

At Harvard, where early support for advanced placement helped the plan succeed nationally, almost half the freshman class arrived last fall having done some college-level work in high school, and 191 entered as sophomores. Those who enter advanced courses directly from high school do better than those who have taken the preliminary work as college freshmen. "One possible conclusion," jokes a Harvard official, "is

how to run them. And although the U.S. has always provided an outstanding education to some, the wave of reform has given a better education to all. Says Carnegie Corporation President John Gardner, chairman of the presidential task force on educational goals: "Gifted and non-gifted students are being challenged to perform closer to the limit of their abilities."

Even an old-math mind can roughly multiply millions of teen-agers by the factor of better-trained intelligence and surmise that the next generations of Americans will look a lot smarter than the past. It will have to; a recent N.E.A. publication notes that "the first doubling of knowledge occurred in 1750, the second in 1900, the third in 1950, and the fourth only ten years later." The fifth and sixth, if the plot line holds its course, are close at hand. Teen-agers today do not think of themselves as "knights in shining chinos" riding forth on rockets to save the universe. But even the coolest of them know that their careers could be almost that fantastic.

SPORT

PRO BASKETBALL

Can't Anybody Here Beat These Guys?

Some day the Boston Celtics will lose and make news. The law of averages demands it. But not this year, apparently.

Last week the Celtics clobbered San Francisco (104-94 for their 16th victory in a row—just one short of the National Basketball Association record. The winning streak ended when Philadelphia edged them next night in a squeaker (104-100). But with 31 games still to play, their season's record is 41-8, which gives them a 7½-game lead over the second place Cincinnati Royals—a team they have beaten six straight times this season. Embarrassment seems to be the only thing that could possibly keep the Celtics from winning their seventh straight N.B.A. Championship.

How do the Celtics do it? They have a brilliant coach in Arnold "Red" Auerbach, 47, a cantankerous cartoon-topper who tells his players: "If any of you think this is a democracy we are running here, forget it. I'm a dictator." They also have pro basketball's best defensive player in Bill Russell, a grizzled giant who leads the N.B.A. in rebounds, ranks fourth in assists.

But they have nobody to match the point-scoring potential of the Los Angeles Lakers' Jerry West and Elgin Baylor, the play-making abilities of Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson and Jerry Lucas. Out of the Celtics' starting five, only one player—Guard Tom Sanders—is under 30. Except for Forward Sam Jones, who has been averaging 25 points a game, the Celtics do not have a man among the top 15 scorers in the National Basketball Association. Center Russell, four times the league's Most Valuable Player, has been complaining

of a mysterious stomach ailment. Forward Tommy Heinsohn, the team's top pointmaker for three out of the last five years, has missed 14 games with a torn ligament and a blood clot in his foot. And Guard John Havlicek has water on the knee.

Yet they have outscored their opposition by an average of 9.9 points a game, and three of their seven defeats were by two points or less. Coach Auerbach calls "teamwork" the key to the Celtics' success, says that they have been playing together so long that they instinctively know one another's cues; move; fast breaks and tricky pass patterns; click automatically. Forward Heinsohn says that it is "defense—Russell is playing absolutely fantastic basketball." But nobody really knows. "If we knew why we are so good," sighs Heinsohn, "we'd bottle it and sell it."

RODEOS

Braving the Bulls

Nobody minds a man's risking his life and limbs in the pursuit of sport. If only he would not rationalize. The fellow who climbs a mountain "because it's there" might just as well say, "because it's blocking the view." Then there is Bob Wegner, 30, a wiry cowpoke from Ponca City, Okla., who says that he rides 1,500-lb. Brahma bulls "for money."

Last year Wegner won \$20,750—enough to make him the world champion of bull riding and the proud possessor of a nicely tooled leather and silver saddle (worth \$800) awarded in Denver last week. His winnings so far this season total \$2,556, more than \$1,000 ahead of his closest competitor on the rodeo circuit. But Wegner's traveling expenses alone run to \$12,000 a year, and he bets on himself to make ends meet. "I went up to Omak, Wash.," he says, "and this outfit had a bull they said had never been ridden. I bet 'em a thousand bucks that I could ride him. I put up half, and a friend put up the rest. I rode him. I had to. I gave 'em a bum check for that \$800."

Shot from a Cannon. Compared with a bull rider, a matador is a preferred risk. At least he has a sword. All Wegner has is a rope—wrapped once around the bull's midsection and twice around his own left palm. Jolted into action by spurs or an electric cattle prod, goaded by a buck inducer (a rope tied around its tender parts), a maddened bull will rear, buck and spin—at the rate of two turns a second. To be a hero, all the cowboy has to do is to stay on the bull's back, gripping with his hand and knees for eight seconds and then bail out. But that can be the longest eight seconds in sport—or the shortest.

Last week, at the National Western Stock Show and Rodeo in Denver, Wegner never even got to count one. The luck of the draw gave him Bull No. 89,



BULL RIDER WEGNER
In 8 sec., a hero.

a cream-colored crossbreed that had never been successfully ridden. Grasping the rails of the chute, Wegner gingerly eased himself onto the bull's back and began to wrap the rope around his hand. The angry animal chose that instant to leap 4 ft. straight up, 10 ft. forward and dig its front hooves into the dirt. Wegner flew headfirst over the horns ("like he was shot from a cannon," said one awed spectator), and as he lay gasping in the dirt, the bull ran over his body. Miraculously, he escaped with nothing worse than bruises. Four days later he was back in action, and unlucky enough to draw another never ridden bull—this time a mammoth Black Angus-Brahma cross. Wegner stuck it out the full 8 sec., but his wild scrambling ride earned him only 60 out of a possible 100 points.

In Hook to Ride. "Luck is about 80% of bull riding," Wegner says, and he is luckier than most; he has only a smashed vertebra and a broken foot to show for 14 years of competition. Raised on a sheep farm, he got his start breaking horses for local ranchers, quit school after the eleventh grade to wander the rodeo trail. "Lots of times I had to buck my watch to ride," he says. "Once I set out for a rodeo in Sulphur, Okla. with five gallons of gas from Dad's pump. I didn't have the entry fee, but a woman who owned a dress shop gave me \$30 worth of pennies she had collected. I won fourth in bareback and second in bull riding, and paid that woman back with interest."

Wegner now travels in a truck-camp with his blonde wife and two-year-old daughter, plus a twelve-year-old quarterhorse that his wife rides in rodeo barrel races. He logs 80,000 miles a year, visiting a drab progression of small towns, picking up \$100 here, \$1,000 there, nothing some place else.

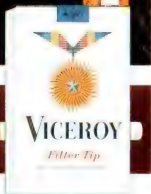


COACH AUERBACH
For seven straight, a dictator.

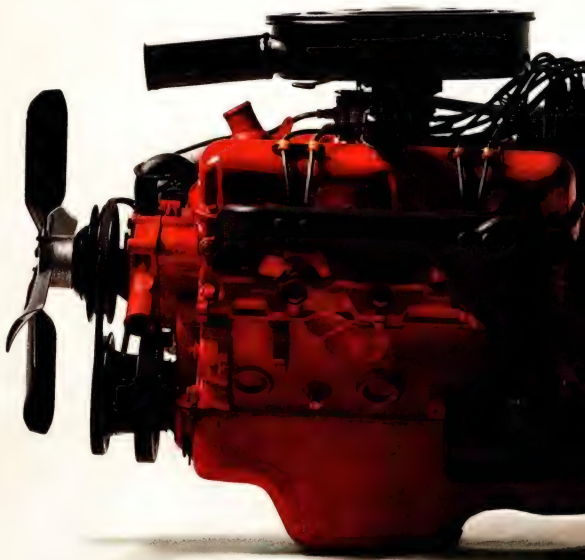
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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Assailing a Legend

In his long career as a British journalist, Malcolm Muggeridge, 61, one-time editor of *Punch*, has more than earned his reputation as an incorrigible professional iconoclast. Muggeridge is never happier than when assailing the Establishment—any Establishment. "A royal soap opera," was his considered judgment, in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Britain's royal family. Last week, in the lively New York Review of Books, Critic Muggeridge opened fire on a transatlantic target: the John F. Kennedy legend.

"I have just pushed aside, I confess with mounting distaste, a pile of Kennedyana on which I had been browsing. Graveyard, or memorial, prose is among the least edifying and least pleasing forms of human composition. There is a prevailing flavor of syrupy insincerity, an affectation of wholehearted truthfulness, amounting to the worst kind of deception, which sickens as it surfeits."

Muggeridge came to this conclusion after reading seven books, ranging from *Young John Kennedy*, by Gene Schoor, to *O! Poetry and Power*, a collection of verse commemorating the deeds and the person of the late President. "A good deal of this grivly material," Muggeridge wrote, "had already been published before the Dallas tragedy, and to a jaundiced eye bears unmistakable signs of external direction. Certain episodes recur, narrated in almost identical words, in a manner which irresistibly suggests the existence of a cyclostyped master-version. Anyone acquainted with the late President, or even with one or other of his intimates, knows perfectly well that the legendary image of him so

assiduously propagated bears little or no relation to his true self.

"I can only say with all possible respect that if the late President really was as he is here presented—so dedicated a public servant, so faithful a husband and devoted a father, so witty, learned, and profound an orator, writer, and thinker, so genial a friend, prayerful a Christian, and enlightened a statesman—he is better off in Heaven, where, according to an electoral oration in Ohio by Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey, we may now confidently assume him to be."

Challenging the Leader

The U.S. doctor does not lack for professional reading fare. More than 2,000 medical journals are available for the asking, and of these the practicing physician gets at least 30 magazines, whether he asks for them or not. In the face of such gratuitous service, it might seem the height of toolhardiness to launch a new medical magazine. But that was precisely what Maxwell M. Geffen did four years ago.

A lifetime in the printing business had taught Geffen something of the profit potential involved. Nor was Geffen unaware of the fact that among magazines addressed to a strictly defined readership, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* consistently ranks at the top in advertising income.

Cordial Reception. *Medical World News*, Geffen's new magazine, could not have chosen a less auspicious month than April 1960 to make its debut. The Kefauver investigation of overpricing in the drug industry had only recently opened in Washington. And although Geffen recognized his total dependence on drug advertisers, he also recognized the need for editorial independence. In issue after issue, the testimony brought out by the Kefauver committee ran in the fledgling *MWN* side by side with pharmaceutical ads.

This very independence helped assure a cordial reception from doctors. So did Geffen's decision to borrow a trick or two from consumer magazines. Originally subtitled "The Newsmagazine of Medicine," *MWN* offered its contents from the start in readily digestible prose. Unlike *JAMA*, which is written by doctors, *MWN* is produced by professional journalists. Today it maintains bureaus in Washington, Chicago, Boston and Paris, and a full-time editorial staff of 51, under Executive Editor William H. White, 40, all with previous experience in medical journalism. This is also true of Editor Morris Fishbein, M.D., a personal friend of Publisher Geffen and longtime *JAMA* editor until the A.M.A. forced him out after a policy dispute in 1949.

Leading the Way. Last summer *MWN* passed *JAMA* in circulation, 230,000 to 205,000—an easy enough



MWN'S GEFEN

From journalists to doctors.

trick, to be sure, in a magazine distributed free. By adding interns, resident physicians, medical school faculties and certain hospital staffers to its circulation list, *MWN* gained 70,000 new readers in one swoop. This month, having logged an ad revenue of \$7,000,000 in 1964—within striking distance of *JAMA*—*MWN* was encouraged to switch from biweekly to weekly publication.

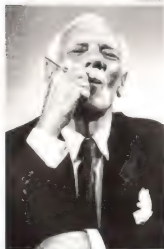
Publisher Geffen, 68, takes much satisfaction from the fact that a few years ago *JAMA* began stitching a new section, "Medical News," into each issue. *JAMA* might well have done so anyway, without the pressure of *MWN*'s competition, but Geffen chooses to think otherwise. "If *JAMA* has noticeably improved since 1960," he said last week "it's because we led the way."

NEWSPAPERS

Anticipating Death

Even as Winston Churchill lingered between life and death last week, the press obituaries began to flow. Just three hours after his stroke, United Press International began moving 20,000 words that touched on every facet of his career. Columnists Marquis Childs, David Lawrence and James Reston, among many others, turned out past-tense tributes that read as if Churchill were already dead. "The advance obit writers had an easy time with Winston Churchill," Reston wrote "He had anticipated all the great crises of life, even his own death."

U.P.I. first began writing Churchill's obituary, in fact, back in 1931, when he was struck by a Manhattan cab, and has updated it regularly since. The Chicago Daily News had on hand an obit written a decade ago by the late Fric Hill, then the News's London bureau chief; it has been rewritten twice by Hill's successors. Three months ago, the



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Great Northern, connecting with Northern Pacific, Union Pacific and The Milwaukee Road in the Pacific Northwest, directly serves Delta Alaska Terminal.

New York Times assigned Assistant Managing Editor Harrison Salisbury and two more staffers to review Churchill's life and revise the Times's standing obituary.

Abbas to Zukor. Such forethought stems from necessity. The press must anticipate the passing of the famous and the infamous: an obituary hastily flung together after the fact often pays too little respect to the subject, to the past, or to journalism. U.P.I.'s "preparation stories," as the wire service calls its advance obits, fill a dozen four-drawer filing cabinets, and include such youthful candidates as John F. Kennedy Jr., 4, and the children of Queen Elizabeth.

The Associated Press, which numbers its prepared obits, is up to 4,226 (Pope Paul, updated), Number 2,496, sent to all member newspapers in 1936, did not prove useful until Nov. 1, 1947, when Man O' War died at the mature age of 30. Every six months, A.P. newspapers get a mimeographed list of additions and deletions; the notice circulated Jan. 1 of this year added Composer Benjamin Britten, Leonid Brezhnev, U.S. Senator Teddy Kennedy and Author John O'Hara, among others, plus a few revisions (Lyndon Johnson, Richard Cardinal Cushing, Frank Costello).

Most U.S. newspapers are similarly prepared, though the obituary inventories vary widely, from the Boston Globe's ten entries to the New York Times's 2,000 (Ferhat Abbas to Adolph Zukor), some of them set in type. Times Metropolitan Editor Abe Rosenthal, whose responsibilities include custody of the obituary files, assigns their preparation to appropriate members of the paper's editorial staff. When President Kennedy died in Dallas, White House Correspondent Tom Wicker had on his desk, undischarged, the duty of updating the Kennedy obituary. As a new Times hand in 1946, Rosenthal himself contributed an obituary on Actress Miriam Hopkins. "I'm glad to say we've never had to use it," says Rosenthal.

Let It Stand. Some death notices, like Miss Hopkins', mature along with their subjects. In St. Louis, the Post-Dispatch obituary on former Mayor Bernard Dickmann, now 76, has gathered dust for 30 years. The Chicago Tribune cast two galleys of type on Charles Lindbergh so long ago that no one on the staff remembers the obituary's vintage year. During a 1936 visit to San Francisco, George Bernard Shaw, then 79, was offered the chance to edit his own obit in the Chronicle. Shaw let it stand.

When a New York Daily News staffer died in 1957, his obituary appeared under his own byline. "Do me one final favor and use this instead of an effusion by somebody else," wrote Lowell L. Impus in a message that he had drafted some years before, sealed in an envelope and deposited, under his name, in the News's library.

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



ANY EXPERIENCED PERSONNEL MAN knows that one phenomenon of employee evaluation interviews is that sometimes the employee is not really aware that an evaluation review has actually taken place.

Undoubtedly, the major reason for this is that some managers find it very difficult to criticize a subordinate in a face-to-face interview. We think another reason may well be that too little emphasis has been placed on defining the standards against which the employee is being evaluated.

We're interested in improving the definition of job performance we expect from the employee. This then permits us to set minimum levels of performance he must reach. With improved definitions, both the employee and manager will benefit when the time comes to evaluate performance, since the manager is in a better position to define to the employee just where he is failing.

The real purpose of these *minimum* levels is to establish base points for the man who wants to prove his worth by exceeding them. We see evidence all the time that such a man *wants* to be evaluated. He wants to know where he is falling short, and he wants recognition when he is demonstrating productivity and growth.

Of course, in setting minimum levels of expected performance, we probably run the risk that some men may never aim beyond this level. But it's a relatively small price to pay for a process that will more quickly identify and mature the managers who will qualify to help run an expanding business.

As all oil men know, "water flooding" is a term used for the method of recovering more oil from partially depleted underground formations by injecting water into them at high pressures. At Long Beach, California, for example, the world's largest water flooding operation has produced a net profit of more than twenty-two million dollars in the past six years. Rockwell valves and meters play their part on the injection water lines, handling pressures of 1250 pounds per square inch and as much as 150,000 barrels a day.

Our power tool designers have come up with a six-speed 15-inch drill press, an industry first, to start the New Year. This new Rockwell drill press has twice the speed variations of its predecessor model, and can drill holes almost 35 per cent deeper than a conventional 15-inch drill press. The six speeds permit drilling of hard materials like tool steel or softer materials like wood and aluminum on the same machine. Small shops particularly should like it, since the single six-speed unit will handle a wide variety of drilling that might otherwise require two presses.

It is unfortunate but true that vandalism plagues many businesses these days. Many of our municipal customers are all too familiar with this problem as it has applied to parking meters, for example. Consequently, we recently developed a new meter called the Rockwell Safe-Guard Park-O-Meter which provides an extra heavy vandal-resistant coin vault. We have also introduced a new Safe-Guard coin collection system that can be used with the Safe-Guard Park-O-Meter or with most existing parking meters. It insures that coins are never touched from the time motorists deposit them to the time they are turned over to the collection station.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for twenty two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Man Inside the Man from U.N.C.L.E.

The man steps into a stall shower and gets ready to sing. What comes jettisoning down upon him, however, is not water but streams of deadly gas. He tries to turn it off. Impossible. He tries the door. It is locked and batterproof. It appears that he will surely die. But he quickly wraps a shaving-cream bomb in a towel, wedges it against the door, sprinkles it with after-shave lotion, and touches the flame of a cigarette lighter to this ingenious subnuclear device. The



VAUGHN & McALLUM

Detonated cream and a stiff dictator.

blazing lotion heats the shaving cream until it explodes volcanically, and Napoleon Solo—the man in the shower—staggers out into his hotel room.

Who, after witnessing a scene like that, could be captious enough to ask why Solo took a cigarette lighter in there with him in the first place? Certainly not any of the 20 million steady fans who watch Napoleon Solo on NBC. For he is *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, the most popular new hero on the television scene, and he whirls across the world as a special agent for an organization that quells the forces of evil. U.N.C.L.E. stands for United Network Command for Law and Enforcement, and it is actually a private FBI. Its producers, in fact, refer to Solo's boss as "J. Edgar Hoover."

Black Cherry. Napoleon Solo, the hero, has his prototype too. He has been called 0061, because he is TV's approximation of James Bond. Bond is not hard to copy, however, and—given the mass audience of television—the actor who plays Solo may soon be even more celebrated than Sean Connery, who plays Bond in the movies. The U.N.C.L.E. man's real name is Robert Vaughn. He is 32, and he is on his way

to his first million. Impoverished a couple of years ago, he now has increasing herds of livestock and several gas wells.

There is much about Vaughn that recalls both Bond and Solo. Off the screen, he is a swinging bachelor who drives around in a Lincoln Continental convertible, which he insists is not maroon in color but "black cherry." The car has a telephone and a monaural tape machine; it will soon have two telephones, a TV set, a stereo tape recorder, an icemaking midger refrigerator and a walnut-paneled bar. He is a wine lover and a gourmet too.

However fulfilling this one dimension may seem, Vaughn does have another. Like many TV and movie actors who hit it big, he speaks with a faraway look about the "basic conflict between my need for artistic fulfillment and my love of luxury." In most cases, this sort of statement is mere calisthenics for the lower lip. But Robert Vaughn is different. He is well on his way toward his doctorate, in a remarkable department at the University of Southern California that bridges the fields of journalism, political science, drama, cinema, radio and television.

No Apologies. Born to show business, he considers Minneapolis his home town, but he spent his early youth ranging the country with his parents. His father was a radio actor (*Gangbusters*, *Crime Doctor*), and his mother was a character actress on Broadway (*Dracula*).

He makes no apologies for his now fatted life. "I don't feel guilty," he says. "I've knocked around for a lot of years, collected a lot of unemployment checks, and I worked very hard. I feel I have earned whatever I got." The show? "I have nothing against it. In fact, it's a rather good charade, and nobody is pretending that it is more than that. The show is all right, if you realize it is a massive put-on."

It would be difficult not to. The show has involved a man who was chewed to death by a savage Chihuahua. It has also presented a mad scientist who kept the long-dead cadaver of a bygone dictator in his laboratory. Strapping Solo to an operating table, the scientist attempted to revive the dictator by exchanging Solo's blood for the stiff's brine. The scientist was foiled when the dictator's long green arm reached up and grabbed him by the throat. And only last week, when Solo and his assistant Ilya Kuryakin (David McCallum) were invading an underground vault, Solo was confronted with the need to avoid electrocution while crossing the "electroporous grating" of an "electrostatic floor." Solo reached into his apparently bottomless pockets and came up with a self-inflating, full-sized rubber landing craft, which hissed and swelled into the perfect vessel on which to sail across the electroconvulsive sea

COMEDIANS

The Fourth Rose

"Why did Pierre Salinger lose the senatorial election last fall in California? Because he wrote that dirty book, *The Catcher in the Rye*."

With that one-liner, a new young folk singer named Biff Rose begins his lead-in to a song extolling Salinger's conqueror, George Murphy, the actor-hooper who is now the junior Senator from California. He then goes on to recite a poem about the days of the whaling ships, supplying the sound of the anchors schlurping up from the bottom and the howls of storms at sea. His hero, Captain Medford, was a big man in New Bedford, he explains, in an era



BIFF & WEAPON
700 ships and 200 whales.

when there were 700 whaling ships "and only about 200 whales."

Rose, it becomes obvious, is really a comedian masquerading with a banjo, and his singing is a spoof on the whole lank-necked, guitar-strumming generation. Folk singers who are convinced that poverty equals purity, he points out, are called "ethnic artists," and "ethnic," he explains, "means you make less than \$10,000 a year." Rose is 27, and has all the equipment needed to make a great deal more. He usually works at Greenwich Village's Gaslight Cafe, but this week he will open at the Blue Dog in Baltimore.

When he comes onstage in sports jacket and dark slacks, he looks like the sort of joker who might have flunked out of Yale as a result of being overjoyed by college life. Actually, he is a 1959 graduate of Loyola University in New Orleans. His father's name was Paul Rose, his mother was Pauline Rose, his sister's name is Paula, and his name is Paul Jr. Inevitably, neighbors called him The Four Roses. "On radio," says Biff, "the bad guys are always called Biff. I was an ugly, ugly baby, a big gangster baby, and Mother said I looked like a Biff."



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- B Shelling in the warm surf is a favorite sport here.
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we're popular with conservationists—and stockholders.

This remarkable growth in Georgia-Pacific's
natural resources stems from sun, soil, water,

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1965 Buick Special V-6. Proud car, modest price.



Any car that carries the Buick nameplate is bound to be prideful. Let's look at this Special, for example. What but a Buick would move you with a V-6, V-lively, V-thrifty engine? What but a Buick would cradle you in such a soft, soft ride? What but a Buick would treat you to such wondrous interiors? You guessed it. Only Buick. But Special was made for you to own, not to admire from afar. Get close to a Special at your Buick dealer's. Eight out of ten new-car buyers can afford one—so the odds are with you.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Testing a New High

The stock market tried last week to hurdle the magical 900 mark on the Dow-Jones industrial averages but at the last moment shied away like a nervous horse. Twice during the week, while Wall Street watched with fascinated suspense, the market edged above 900 for brief periods during the day. Each time, however, scared that it had gone too high too fast, it retreated. After eleven straight days of advance, it closed on the day before President Johnson's oath-taking at 896.27, a new record, then eased off to end the week below 894.

Underestimated Impact? The Dow-Jones 900 is a strong resistance point, and stocks may have to test it several times. President Johnson's hospitalization could have unsettling effects upon a market that likes Johnson and dislikes uncertainty. But presuming that Johnson recovers quickly, many Wall Streeters expect that the 900 mark will have to surrender before long. A good deal depends on how investors receive this week's budget and economic messages from the President. Said Goodbody & Co. in a market letter to its customers: "It may be that we have somewhat underestimated the bullish impact that the Great Society concept seems to be having on the investment public."

Investors have also been impressed by the continued advance of the U.S. economy. Early last week stocks were lifted by the Commerce Department's reports on economic performance in December: factory orders rose 5%; housing starts 8%; and personal income almost 1% to a record \$506 billion. Department-store shares climbed on the Street on news that retail sales in January were running well ahead of the same period last year. Auto stocks did well because Detroit's production so far in 1965 is 7% ahead of last year's rate; this week output will be 17% higher than in the same week a year ago.

Better Stocks. Good business news seems to be having a particularly strong impact upon the small investors who buy in "odd lots" of fewer than 100 shares. For the first time since they were badly singed in the 1962 crash, they are beginning to re-enter the market in significant numbers. On almost every trading day this year, odd-lots investors have bought more shares than they sold. And they are not investing in cheap stocks: the average stock bought in an odd lot now costs \$52 v. \$39 for the average share bought in round lots.

The little man may give the market a needed lift, but the market's future will still be determined largely by the huge and growing institutional investors. Last year the market was swelled by \$2 billion from pension funds, \$1.3

billion from such mutual funds as Massachusetts Investors Trust (see Management) and hundreds of millions more from other institutions. The institutions hold about 15% of the nation's \$650 billion worth of common and preferred stocks, and such companies as G.M., A.T. & T., G.E. and IBM each have about 1,000 institutional investors. The institutions have more money than ever to invest these days, but their managers have put much of the cash into Government bonds while they shop around for bargain-priced stocks. If they decide that the market is good for further gains, that decision could keep the market rising for quite a while.



MOORE & RENCHARD AFTER RESIGNING

No peace, and precious little understanding.

CORPORATIONS

A Fair Share of Trouble

The theme of the New York World's Fair, displayed on everything from the memo pads of its officers to the Unisphere, is "Peace Through Understanding." But peace and understanding theoretically begin at home, and there has been precious little of either among the fair's top officials. Last week five of the nine Manhattan bankers in the fair's finance committee resigned, charging that they were kept ill-informed about the fair's finances and implying that the fair is in financial trouble.

"By remaining on the committee," said Committee Chairman George Moore, president of the First National City Bank, "we would permit the implication that the fair is in satisfactory financial condition." Actually, said Moore, whose bank has a \$6,000,000 stake in the fair, the fair will need "several million dollars" to pay expenses before it can even reopen on April 21. Moore was joined in his walkout by a prestigious cast: David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank; William S. Renchard, president of the Chemical Bank New York Trust Co.; Dale E. Sharp, vice chairman of

Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.; and William H. Moore, chairman of Bankers Trust Co.

Through Different Lenses. In a blistering, six-page letter of rebuttal, that longtime master of invective Robert Moses, president of the World's Fair Corp., defended the fair's financial soundness; he also accused George Moore of "sabotaging" the fair, of lacking "understanding" of its problems and of having advocated the very policies he criticized. Obviously, Moses and the bankers who differed with him saw the fair through different lenses—but then the World's Fair Corp. is an unorthodox corporation. Formed in 1959



MOSES PENNING BLAST

by five New Yorkers as a nonprofit corporation, it runs the first fair in history that aims to earn a surplus on its investment; most of the others have lost money.

The World's Fair Corp. got started by floating \$30 million worth of 6% notes to 400 U.S. companies and banks, later got an advance loan of \$24 million from the City of New York to improve the Flushing Meadow fair site. Counting on accumulating in the fair's two years a surplus of more than \$53 million from admissions, concessions and leases (after paying its debts, the fair would donate any remainder to education), its officers were disappointed when the first year's surplus proved to be only \$12.6 million. Worse yet, the finance committee suspected that even this figure was inflated, called in an independent financial consultant. The information he compiled increased the committee's suspicions and led to its demand for certified financial data. Last week Moses admitted that the fair will have to raise \$3.5 million before opening day. This year he plans to hike the admission fee from \$2 to \$2.50.

High Prices. Moses is taking a chance. The major cause of the fair's financial problems was that 1964's paid

attendance of 27 million was fully 13 million less than fair officials had predicted. Exaggerated reports of New York hotel-room shortages and racial disturbances during the summer discouraged some out-of-towners, but most of the fault lay with the fair itself. Many exhibits were still under construction when the fair opened. Prices for food, transportation and entertainment were often too high, a fact that served to increase the size of the mile-long lines in front of free exhibits. Moses' commandments decreed high rents, high maintenance costs. Four shows, the Top of the Fair restaurant and the Transportation Pavilion went bankrupt, and many exhibits sank deeply into the red.

Moses is collecting \$100,000 each year for seven years for his presidency of the World's Fair Corp., and three of his top aides draw between \$35,000 and \$45,000 annually—salaries reasonable enough for the officers of a large corporation. But Moses allowed the fair staff to burgeon unrealistically, and costs skyrocketed. Moses tacitly admitted the situation last October by slashing the permanent payroll. He promises a "new and brighter show in 1965," says of the present crisis that "we have survived worse weather." Nonetheless, the forecast for the fair in 1965 remains cloudy.

LABOR

An Expensive Education

Education is a wonderful thing, but a \$750 million education is expensive by any standards. That is the estimated cost to the U.S. economy of the longshoremen's eleven-day walkout, which broke last week when New York longshoremen voted 2 to 1 to accept a new contract amounting to an 80¢-an-hour package over four years. Education was at the heart of the matter, since the longshoremen had first turned down the new contract without really knowing what it was all about, gone on strike, and decided to approve the contract in a new vote only after International Longshoremen's Boss Teddy Gleason launched an educational campaign to convince them that it was the best ever. With New York's 24,000 longshoremen returning to the docks to resume work, the rest of the nation's 60,000 longshoremen were almost certain to fall in line in short order.

INVESTMENT

Going Continental

The march of American companies to Europe has broken into a run. Hardly a week passes without another U.S. company announcing plans to buy into a European firm, set up a subsidiary or build a plant in Europe. With company coffers bulging and home markets well saturated, U.S. businessmen are more attracted than ever by Western Eu-

rope's fast-expanding consumer economy and often higher profit margins. U.S. direct investment in Europe rose 40% to an estimated \$1.25 billion in 1964, and nearly every large U.S. company made some sort of European move during the year. Last week General Motors, already firmly entrenched on the Continent, stood ready to launch one of the biggest single U.S. plant investments to date: a \$100 million auto-assembly plant in Belgium.

Once the deal goes through—and negotiations with the Belgian government are well into their "final phase"—G.M. will begin building its new plant along the Antwerp waterfront, not far from the site of a Ford tractor plant. Taking advantage of Belgium's low duties on

companies to merge so that they will prove a better match for the Americans. The Continent's 50-odd auto companies, beset by fierce competition and overproduction, are especially worried: Ford and G.M. together now sell about 1,500,000 cars and trucks a year in Europe.

G.M.'s thrust into Europe has been engineered by its expansion-minded Executive Vice President James M. Roche, 58. One of four G.M. executive veeps, Roche is the boss of all overseas operations, has allocated \$400 million of the company's two-year, \$2 billion capital-spending program to European ventures. From Detroit, he has also directed Opel in its challenge to Volkswagen's leadership in West Germany. Even without the proposed Antwerp plant, G.M.'s Opel and Vauxhall models have cornered 13% of Europe's 7,000,000-car market.

The Next 10 Million. Opel increased production last year by 20%, but to keep up the pace it recently bought land in Kaiserslautern for a new plant, its fourth in Germany. This month G.M. rolled out its 10 millionth vehicle produced in 41 years of operations overseas; at the rate it is going now, it will turn out the next 10 million in only seven years. For Roche, one personal result of G.M.'s spectacular European gains has been his rise to serious contention for the G.M. presidency, from which John Gordon retires in May.



GENERAL MOTORS' ROCHE



G.M.'s '65 OPEL DIPLOMAT V-8

The big unnerver.

imported auto parts. G.M. will assemble its Opels from parts imported from West Germany and its Vauxhalls from parts made in its British plants. Eventually, G.M. may shift its Antwerp plant to full-scale manufacturing.

Fierce Competition. The G.M. move is sure to have widespread repercussions in Europe, where many businessmen and politicians feel that industry is being threatened by U.S. domination. European businessmen are especially unnerved by the fact that many U.S. companies active in Europe are bigger than the biggest European corporations and have vastly more money to invest in equipment and marketing. Demands have been growing, especially on the part of the French, that local industry be protected from U.S. competition. At their meeting last week in France, Charles de Gaulle and Ludwig Erhard agreed that they must work together to persuade more French and German

STEEL

Backlog of Decisions

While mills ran near to capacity last week, steel was being poured at its highest level in five years: 2,700,000 tons. Yet the record was clouded by the continued stockpiling of steel by customers who fear a strike in May, when the industry's contract with the United Steelworkers expires.

Users are now stockpiling at the rate of 1,000,000 tons a month, a rate that would give them 9,000,000 tons on hand at the strike deadline. Though that is well below the 12 million tons on hand when the 1959 strike broke out, it is enough to curtail steel demand for several months if the strike is short or never comes off.

The uncertainty has been heightened this year by the United Steelworkers' presidential-election struggle being waged by President David J. McDonald and Challenger I. W. Abel, the union's secretary-treasurer. All contract negotiations have been suspended during the fight and, as the Feb. 9 union election approaches, a bitter campaign is being fought. It is replete with denunciation and sarcasm, lapel buttons and helmet stickers, kleig lights and sound trucks at mill gates and union halls. Abel portrays McDonald as a has-been who prefers nightclubs and Palm Springs to the open hearth and McKeesport, calls for the rejection of "tuxedo unionism."

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ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

THE CIGAR THAT NEVER LASTS LONG ENOUGH

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What does it take to hand-carry the American flag to the moon?

Cameras, batteries, chargers, a life support system, fuel cells, instrumentation, electronic test systems, communications, computers, decoders, navigation, guidance, tracking beacons, antennas, heat shields, parachutes, radar, rocket engines, propellants, the Manned Spacecraft Center, a launching platform, nuclear gauges, fuel tanks, sensors, the Edwards High Thrust Test Area, launch vehicles, electrical lines, a launch escape system, adapters, an optical communications system, Cape Kennedy, oxidizer tanks, pressurization systems, multicolored nylon, instant food, container packets, tooling, ground support, structures, handling and transport equipment, the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center, a blackhouse, administration, columbium metal, warehouses, security, an electronic metrology, the White Sands Missile Range, expulsion tanks, pitch controls, engines, a Lunar Excursion Module, recovery equipment, power conversion units, the Michoud Operations Plant, environmental control, valves, oxygen, diodes, water, plastics, forgings, deceleration rockets, mission simulators, engineering drawings, the Atlantic Missile Range, a test pendulum, crew couches, the Santa Susana Field Laboratory, liquid gauging equipment, honeycomb core, catalytic, aluminum alloy, hydraulic servo actuators, design reviews, the Mississippi Test Facility, cryostats, wash pads, ventilation fans, research, structural ribs, metal foil, transportation, test chambers, hydrogen, carbon steel, cement, turbopumps, the Nevada Field Laboratory, injectors, gas generators, stainless steel, O-rings, high pressure ducting, a steam generator, gimbals, microelectronics, flight suits, scientific seminars, fins, anti-slosh baffles, fairings, destruct packages, clamps, plumbing, springs, corrugated skins, steam diffusers, a shaker table, blast shields, wind tunnels, gyros, telemetry, flight plans,

**and three Astronauts
seven-and-a-half-million pounds of thrust
192,313,000 Americans
and the Apollo spacecraft built for NASA
by North American Aviation**



and charges that the Steelworkers have suffered from McDonald's "happy-go-lucky, old-buddy, old-pal negotiations" with industry, McDonald, warning to the fight and seeming to pick up strength as he does, belittles Abel's qualifications, calls him "a pretty good bookkeeper," and says that before Abel can run a union, "he'll have to go somewhere to learn to negotiate."

To illustrate that he already knows how, McDonald last week opened contract talks with the major car companies with demands for substantial wage increases and greater job security. These negotiations, said McDonald, may set the pattern for the steel talks. But the fact remains that only after the 976,000 Steelworkers decide who will lead them—and where—can the U.S. begin to know with any certainty what course the 1965 economy will follow.

INDUSTRY

The Fast-Growing Sandwich

Plywood, that prosaic sandwich of wood and glue, was long a low-prestige commodity used chiefly in such things as panel doors, ping-pong tables and bureau-drawer bottoms. No longer. Glamorized almost beyond recognition, it has taken on fancy surfaces, been merged with other materials and found its way into such diverse places as giant freeway signs, the stands for Lyndon Johnson's Inauguration and the outside walls of a 24-story building in San Francisco. Demand for plywood has doubled in the past seven years, and this year the \$1 billion industry expects to sell a record 13 billion sq. ft. To keep up, the two biggest U.S. plywood companies are launching major expansions. Georgia-Pacific Corp. has just announced plans to build new plants at Crossett, Ark., and Emporia, Va., and U.S. Plywood Corp. has broken ground for a new 53,000,000 sq. ft. at Hammond, La.

To the South. The location of the three new plants reflects a significant trend. Plywood makers have begun to move into the South in force, ending a regional monopoly in softwood plywood that the Douglas-fir-growing Pacific Northwest has enjoyed for decades. In the past year, three new mills have opened in Texas and Arkansas to make plywood from the faster-growing Southern pine. Weyerhaeuser Co., the world's biggest producer of timber products, is building a plant at Plymouth, N.C. Vancouver Plywood is at work on two plants in Louisiana, and at least eleven other firms are planning or building Southern plants and scrambling to tie up timber stands. Their total investment will come close to \$100 million. Says U.S. Plywood President Gene C. Brewer: "I can see the day coming when the South might produce 25% of the nation's plywood."

Plywood is migrating South partly to save freight (the South is nearer to most markets than the Northwest) and

partly to take advantage of the South's rising supply of available timber, but it is a new technology that makes the move possible. New glues and dryers developed by the industry have overcome Southern pine's high moisture and pitch content, which made its wood difficult to stick together. Automated loaders and lathes can now handle pine logs, which are much smaller than fir, and peel off layers of veneer.

Russians First. Though the Russians were the first commercial makers of plywood (they began packing tea in plywood boxes in the 1870s), American manufacturers have long since grabbed the world-production lead. The growing do-it-yourself market absorbs 8% of their output, and industrial uses account for another 15%, but half of the nation's plywood now goes into housing. By aggressive promotion, self-imposed quality control and imaginative research to develop new uses for plywood, the industry has boosted the amount built into the average new home from 500 sq. ft. in 1950 to 2,700 sq. ft. last year. Even more remarkable, the cost of plywood has dropped 30% in a decade. Because recent floods in the Northwest did \$50 million damage to the lumber and plywood industries, plywood prices have climbed \$12 per thousand sq. ft. this month, including a jump last week from \$70 to \$72. But the industry expects this rise to be shortlived as it cleans up the damage—and its move to the South speeds up.

MANAGEMENT

New Man for the Club

The managers of U.S. big business who earn more than half a million dollars a year belong to an exclusive club whose membership is hardly more than a dozen or two. Among them, the man who presides over Massachusetts Investors Trust, the nation's oldest and second largest mutual fund, receives one of the fattest paychecks.

The M.I.T. chairman gets more than \$360,000 in a moderately good year, plus another \$200,000 for doubling as boss of the sister fund, Massachusetts Investors Growth Stock Fund. (Though generous, this is still well below General Motors Chairman Frederic Donner, who made \$800,000 in 1964.) Starting soon, the huge M.I.T. check will be made out in the name of a new man. Last week the fund announced that Kenneth L. Isaacs, 60, M.I.T.'s vice chairman for the past eleven years, will succeed Dwight P. Robinson Jr., 65, as board chairman.

Slim Staff. Salaries at M.I.T. are based on a percentage of total assets and income—and both assets and income have been rising steadily. Since 1959, the fund has increased its total assets by 25% to \$2.1 billion, and the value of shareholders' investments and reinvested dividends has risen more than 36%. The fund even rode out the 1962

market slump with a minimum of damage because of its cautious policy of investing in reliable, high-quality stocks. Despite the company's bigness, M.I.T.'s billions are still tended by only five trustees, ten senior investment analysts, and a home office work force of 39 (including messengers). Result: the cost of managing the fund is a bare \$1.80 per \$1,000 of assets, which M.I.T. claims is the lowest operating cost of any mutual fund.

Isaacs will make few changes in the way M.I.T. is run, since he has participated in all the major decisions that have set the fund's management style and investment policy. At Lehigh (25) he got an engineering background; he now keeps personal watch on M.I.T.'s railroad, metal and mining investments. He has an exemplary record as a Har-



M.I.T.'S ISAACS
\$560,000 in a moderately good year.

vard Business School grad, a Wall Street banker, and as the manager of Cornell's endowment investments before joining M.I.T. in 1936 as an investment analyst. Within a year, he was made a full trustee. Isaacs is mostly responsible for recruiting M.I.T.'s young and bright research staff.

Rising Competition. Isaacs, low-spoken and affable, is very much a part of the Boston establishment; his clubs include the Somerset, the Dedham Country and Polo and the Tennis & Racquet. He lives with his wife, who is a portrait painter, and their two children on a 500-acre farm near Boston. Besides his M.I.T. duties, he serves on several boards, carefully cultivates the fund's ties with the business community.

Though he feels that rising competition is one of the main problems he will face as chairman, he also sees in it a bright side for M.I.T. The entry into mutual funds by Sears Roebuck and other companies, he says, means that mutual funds will inevitably become better known. Isaacs is sure that M.I.T. will benefit.

WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

The High Cost of Living

The price of prosperity has come high in Europe, where wages and prices have vied in outracing each other. Unlike the U.S., which is worried about how to keep its economy advancing, Europe has had to worry about how to stop its boom from moving too fast. The Continent was actually relieved by predictions that most economies will slow down in 1965, but it has not relaxed its vigilance against inflation. To prevent further rises in wages and prices, West Germany's Bundesbank last week raised its discount rate from

lower the growth rate from 7.5% to 4.5%—and prices and wages with it. By imposing a merciless credit hold-down, Italy braked industrial growth from 5% to 1.5% last year. Along with the other problems of its economy, Britain is alarmed by its quickened wage-price spiral. The cost of living has jumped 4.6% in the sharpest twelve-month rise in a decade, and British housewives this month found that prices had risen for some 3,200 different grocery items, from porridge to pickles.

Communist & Catholic. Wages in Europe are outpacing both productivity and living costs. Since 1958, they have risen 67% in Germany, 56% in France,

Britain Makes Trouble for EFTA

After weeks of trouble and turmoil, Britain's besieged economy last week got some good news. The Board of Trade announced that Britain's trade gap narrowed by nearly half in December, to \$171 million, as exports rose to a record and imports dipped. Any worsening of those figures would almost certainly have meant another strong attack on the pound and further weakening of confidence in the British economy.

But the improvement was costly: it was due in part to a controversial 15% import tax that has angered Britain's trading partners and seriously threatened the future of the European Free Trade Association, the seven-nation, non-Common Market trading group that Britain dominates.

The three-month-old surcharge, imposed in one of the first moves made by the Labor government, barely had time to take effect in December, but it is Britain's chief hope for further trade improvement in the months to come. Whatever gains it may bring, the surcharge has already dimmed Britain's honor and prestige because it violates the country's trading treaties. Stunned by the tariff, which cuts their exports to Britain, officials of the six other EFTA nations revived the bitter chant: "Britannia waives the rules." Admits a British foreign officer: "We probably violated at least 18 international agreements with the surcharge."

Belated & Defensive. Formed in Stockholm in 1959, EFTA is something of a fraternity of outsiders—a belated, defensive and admittedly temporary customs union of seven nations that could not or would not get into the Common Market. Britain, which saw EFTA as a second-best alignment until it could ally with the Common Market, has twice the wealth, trade and population of the other six combined. Those far-flung nations range from socialist Norway, Sweden and Denmark through dictatorial Portugal to neutralist Austria and Switzerland. Unlike the Common Market nations, they have no hopes for ultimate political union, no plans to reduce farm tariffs, no intention of establishing a common external tariff.

Within its limited aims, EFTA has been good for the nations involved. The per-capita income of its 97 million inhabitants is slightly higher than the Common Market's. Not counting the British surcharge, the EFTA partners have cut their industrial tariffs by 70% in the past five years, including a 10% reduction this month, and the official aim is to bring them down to zero within two years. They have increased their trade with one another by 50%. Though that is not quite as high as their increase in dealings with the Common Market, it



BELGIUM'S FABIOLA & BAUDOUIN AT PALACE AFTER 1960 WEDDING
Wages are rising, prices are rising, now's the time to raise the rate.

3% to 3½%, serving notice that prospering West Germany feels that it is time for some restraint.

Porridge to Pickles. Since such an increase normally attracts foreign speculators, the West German Parliament is expected to pass a 25% capital-gains tax to discourage all non-German bondholders. The reason, says Bundesbank President Karl Blessing, is that the rate rise is meant solely as a warning to West German industry. The nation's most distinguished economists warned this month that price stability has become Germany's most pressing problem. Wages rise about 10% every year. Overall prices jumped 2.9% in a year, but the average concealed some rough rises: a 6.7% hike in rents, an increase in the price of butter from 90¢ to \$1 per lb., in pork from 95¢ to \$1.20 per lb.

All of Western Europe seems to share the problem. French labor and business are chafing under a strict economic-stabilization program designed to

72% in Italy, 61% in The Netherlands. Despite this, labor leaders use constantly increasing prices to demand even higher wages. In Italy, 7,000,000 workers will be looking for more in contract negotiations this year, and Communist Labor Leader Agostino Novella last week refused government pleas for a wage truce. In France, Communist and Catholic workers alike are scheduled to strike this week.

Even royalty has been affected by the wage-price spiral. Though Belgium's King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola cut back their palace staff from 302 to 188, wages have risen so much that the King has been spending almost all his income on upkeep. At his request, Parliament last week voted him a \$160,000 raise in salary to \$1,000,000 a year. To make sure that he will not be caught in such straits again, Parliament also decreed that Baudouin's wages, like those of every Belgian union man, will henceforth include an automatic cost-of-living increase.

Sentry reports on why your competitor just bought a "package" of insurance

Like you, your competitor wants to spend all the time he can running his business. Not on petty details that gobble up time. And insurance for a business can swallow plenty of time. Think of it. Anywhere from 10 to 30 different insurance policies. Different companies (who can remember them all?) Different agents. Too much paper. Too many checks to write. Too much nuisance.

So—your competitor bought a Sentry Business Insurance Package Policy. Now he handles his insurance with one salesman and one check. And gets back to work.

Like you, your competitor worries. About prices, warehousing, payroll costs. He worries about how to cope with you. Up till now he worried about that big clutter of insurance policies in his safe. (Did he really have all the protection he needed?)

But—now he's covered with a single Sentry Package Policy that wraps up just about everything in one master contract. He doesn't worry about insurance anymore. He knows he's covered, for how much and with whom. He has one phone number to call for help on any insurance problem. Now he can spend

all his worry-time planning what to do about you.

Like you, your competitor's crazy about saving money! You should have seen his beady little eyes light up when he heard that the Sentry Business Insurance Package entitles him to as much as a 20% discount under what he'd been paying for separate policies. He got the idea in a flash. It's simply buying insurance "wholesale", entitling him to a "wholesale" discount.

But—know what that old fox did? Instead of putting the savings in his pocket, he used them to buy higher limits on fire and liability coverage. *Nothing* is going to wipe him out if he can help it.

Like you, your competitor likes to be smart with his capital, so he pays his package insurance premium in four quarterly installments. He figures this conserves capital and makes insurance costs a budgetable expense. (That son of a gun!)

Perhaps—just perhaps—it's time you looked into Sentry's Package Insurance idea. We have all the facts packaged in an easy-to-read brochure. If you'd rather not borrow your competitor's copy, just write us at Sentry, Stevens Point, Wisconsin. Ask for "Business Insurance—Sentry Makes It Simple."

Or for somewhat faster action, call your local Sentry Insurance office. We're probably in your yellow pages.

Either way you'll find out quickly how to get the same convenience, peace of mind and savings your competitor is enjoying.

No obligation.

We thought you ought to know.



You should have seen his beady little eyes light up.

ADVICE TO COMPANIES
PLANNING TO CHANGE THEIR NAME



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THE FAMOUS 103 YEAR OLD



HOME OF THE ORIGINAL SCHIEK'S
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*A visit to Minneapolis
without dining at Schiek's
is like visiting Paris
without seeing
the Eiffel Tower*

ENJOY OUR NEW FRESH
SEA FOOD ROOM

SCHIEK'S CAFE
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Benj. Berger, President
George Ramsey, Manager

is far greater than their rise in business with the rest of the world.

Removed or Reduced. The British surcharge threatens not only to impede that progress but to wreck EFTA. Britain's EFTA partners have threatened to retaliate unless the surcharge is removed or reduced: Sweden's Volvo automaker has already warned that it will stop buying British auto parts (total: \$36 million a year). The pressure on Britain to drop the tax will build up strongly at this week's Geneva meeting of EFTA's consultative committee and at next month's meeting of EFTA's ministerial council. Largely because Britain has been shocked into realizing that EFTA's death would badly damage its own trade drive, the British are expected to at least trim the surcharge within the next few months.

The Blade Battle

While the safety razor and the electric shaver have thoroughly conquered the U.S., many Europeans still drop their own razors or visit a barber for a shave. This naturally makes Europe highly attractive to the world's razor-blade makers. Throat-cutting competition for the market is raging between Boston-based Gillette Co., world's biggest producer, and Britain's Wilkinson Sword Ltd., whose introduction of the long-lasting stainless-steel blade changed the whole nature of the market (TIME, May 1). Stainless blades now account for almost 70% of British blade sales. 35% of the German market, and are increasing fast in other countries as delighted shavers try them. So far, smaller Wilkinson has been holding its own against Gillette.

Badly Nicked. Last week Gillette started distribution in Britain of a new stainless blade that will sell for less than both present Gillette and Wilkinson blades.* Gillette's new Seven O'Clock, which sold under that name in traditional carbon steel, will be 14¢ less for a five-pack than Gillette's premium Silver stainless or Wilkinson Super Sword-Edge. By bringing out an established name in stainless, Gillette hopes to hold the old Seven O'Clock market while luring away Wilkinson shavers who never tried Gillette's Silver blades. In Germany, Gillette has also switched a well-known Gillette blade name Rothbart (red beard) to stainless, hoping to beard Wilkinson in the same fashion.

Gillette needs a breakthrough. Unlike Wilkinson, which makes only stainless blades, Gillette frequently has to fill one pocket from another as customers switch from its carbon blades to its stainless. This shift, along with high promotion costs for the new blades, has badly nicked Gillette profits. From record 1962 earnings (\$45.3 million) the

* Gillette is also testing a cartridge razor in which the shaving surface is a continuous reel in place of individual blades; the shaver turns a knob to advance the reel when an edge becomes dull.



BRITISH SHAVES SHOPPING
Seeking that old smooth feeling again.

company slipped 8% in 1963 despite higher sales, lost another 11.5% last year. Gillette's British subsidiary cut its employee force 5% last summer, discontinued longtime fair-trade prices on blades and hiked retailer discounts to stimulate sales.

Wary Watching. The new marketing moves, Gillette feels, will once more give earnings that old smooth feeling. Even so, it warily watches Wilkinson, which now sells in 50 countries (v. Gillette's more than 100) and quietly slipped into France recently with low-key ads that announced: "Elle est arrivée—the Wilkinson Super Sword." In both France and Italy, Gillette produces lower-priced brands similar to Seven O'Clock that will be converted to stainless if the war heats up. Meanwhile, it receives royalties regularly from Wilkinson, whose blades and bustling business are based on a 1959 Gillette patent ignored until Wilkinson came along.

BRAZIL

Suburbia in the Jungle

In the matted green jungles of Brazil's primitive Amazon valley territory of Amapá sits a surprising little town. With its broad, paved streets, ranch-style houses, well-stocked supermarket and air-conditioned club, it looks more like a suburb of New York or Los Angeles than a settlement in the wilderness. It is the town of Serra do Navio (pop. 2,200), and it is run by a company that has become a Latin American model of profitable cooperation between local and foreign capital.

The company is ICOMI (for Indústria e Comércio de Minérios), which is owned 51% by Brazilians and 49% by Bethlehem Steel Corp. ICOMI owns the exclusive rights to one of the world's

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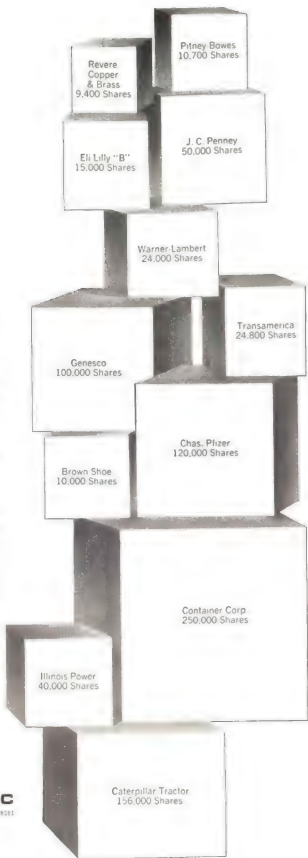
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January 20, 1995

highest known reserves of manganese ore, discovered in the Amazon Basin in 1946. By careful planning, efficient management and plain luck, it has not only launched a highly successful mining operation but completely avoided the abuse that Brazil's ultranationalists have heaped on other mining firms that have foreign interests.

ICOMI has been so successful, in fact, that it is beginning to make its presence felt all over Brazil. It recently joined with Sweden's SKF to build a ball-bearing plant near São Paulo, is making plans to expand into the sugar, plywood and palm-oil businesses. With world manganese prices once more moving up after a slump, ICOMI expects soon to have even more money for seed capital and diversification.

Looking to Bethlehem. After manganese was discovered in the Amazon, a mineowner named Augusto Trajano de Azevedo Antunes obtained the mining rights and began looking for foreign help to swing the operation. A number of U.S. companies turned him down, insisting on 100% of the business or nothing at all. Finally, in 1949, Bethlehem Steel agreed to supply Antunes with financing and technical know-how in return for a minority interest. The arrangement has proved so successful that it has been imitated often by other mining, oil and industrial companies getting started in Brazil.

ICOMI laid a 122-mile railroad through the jungle, dredged a stretch of the Amazon so that it could handle ocean-going ships, built docks and roads. The World Bank helped out with a \$35 million loan; the Export-Import Bank provided \$67.5 million. Major construction was finished in 36 months instead of the projected 48 months, and the first big shipments began moving down the river and out to sea in 1957, enabling ICOMI to cash in on the unusually high manganese prices caused by the Suez crisis. Since then, ICOMI has shipped 5,900,000 tons, grossed \$224 million in all and netted between \$12 million and \$15 million each year. Moreover, it was able to repay its Export-Import Bank loan three years ahead of schedule.

Long-Term Commitment. Through revolution and expropriation ICOMI has remained unscathed. The main reasons are that Bethlehem decided to stay in the background, commit its investment in Brazil to the long term and leave the management to Antunes. Antunes, now 58, is known as one of Brazil's most able and enlightened businessmen. He has started Brazil's first private foundation to support agricultural research, push education and development in backward areas. He has provided ICOMI workers with modern homes, built a fully staffed hospital, set up some of the best schools in Brazil. And all this has been done with little on-the-spot American help: Bethlehem has only one U.S. representative in ICOMI's top management.

young lady, next time you send the boss away to Europe...



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ART

PAINTING

The Last Frontiersman

Fewer and fewer Americans, about one out of three, live in the great outdoors now celebrated almost entirely in never-ever television westerns. In a curious miracle of abandonment, Americans have become strangers in a landscape that they believe has built their national character. But not all. North of Alamogordo and east of Tularosa, south of Hondo and only six miles crow flight from an Apache reservation—in the dusty desolation of New Mexico—Artist Peter Hurd works in a perpetual state of wonderment.

A native regional realist of the Southwest, equally prized by Lyndon B. Johnson and Barry Goldwater, Hurd, now 60, is trying to preserve the look of a fading way of U.S. life. Like his brother-in-law, Andrew Wyeth, he finds all his subject matter, says he, "within five miles of my home." His ranch, The Sentinel, ranges over 2,200 acres where he raises cattle and, in less arid parts, apples, peaches and pears. It is not a big spread by Western standards, but profit is not its true purpose.

Never High Noon. "A painter's life is determined by daylight," says Hurd, who knocks back an unvarying breakfast of eggnog, toast and coffee at sun-up, then goes riding across the juniper-knobby hills. He may dismount, whip out a tiny watercolor set and sketch a bit of his domain. These glimpses are pulled together in his studio, where Hurd toils in the meticulous technique of egg tempera. The results, recently on view at Fort Worth's Amon Carter Museum of Western Art and opening last week in San Francisco's California Palace of the Legion of Honor, is an exhibition of 98 paintings that documents nearly 35 years of the artist's minute observations of the world he knows best (see color).

Hurd rarely paints high noon. "All phases of light, its constantly changing patterns, thrill me," he says. With each painting, he increases his dissection of his skeletal landscape through the hours and seasons of the sun. "I feel like shouting 'This is me.' The wilderness, indeed, is Hurd. One of the few times he ventured abroad was as a LIFE artist-correspondent during World War II. Friends urge him to travel, but he says, "Nuts. I'd be painting postcards."

Jehovah's Witness. Though Hurd was born in New Mexico, he has Eastern ties. His father was a Boston lawyer who settled in dry New Mexico for his health. Hurd attended West Point for two years, quit because art interested him more than mathematics. He recalls that his father—apparently ignorant of the aborted West Point career of James McNeill Whistler—responded by saying, "You are an utter jackass."

The young artist's idol was the lusty illustrator, N. C. Wyeth; one fateful day the grand old man telephoned him. "It was like the Lord Jehovah calling," says Hurd.

"If you work for me," announced Wyeth, "West Point will seem like child's play." On the train to Wyeth's famous colony at Chadds Ford, Pa., Hurd met his future wife, N. C.'s daughter Henriette, then 16, and now an accomplished artist herself. N. C. taught *Moby Dick* and *Dostoevsky* as well as painting. "He was a terrific stickler for detail," recalls Hurd, who became fast friends with Andrew Wyeth during his six-year apprenticeship. "We have in



ARTIST & WIFE HENRIETTE
Concerned about man the despoiler.

common the ability to identify ourselves with objects," says he.

Ten-Gallon Tragedy. Where Wyeth identifies with the countryside around Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania and Maine, Hurd loves the desert. He lives without television, owns only riding boots, and eats tortillas by preference. A bilingual Anglo don to the New Mexican Hispanics, Hurd (who once rode to the hounds along the Chesapeake) long ago started a home-grown polo team with his ranch hands. Because of their roughriding, mallet-mashing style of playing, they compete with more posh teams under the name, "the San Patricio Snake Killers."

Western in garb and still gaunt enough to wear his West Point trousers, Hurd loathes the clichés of Hollywood westerns. He is no complacent optimist, recalling the Wyethian admonition that life ends before man can exhaust it. "A painting should be a prolonged and haunting echo of human existence," he

says. "I'm concerned about man the despoiler." Hurd would like future viewers to say of his patient, sensitive work, "Here is what the Southwest looked like in the 20th century." Like George Catlin's early sketches of the vanishing Indians or Thomas Moran's pioneer paintings of the Yellowstone, Hurd's testament of art is his way of lingering in an historic land that he must some day leave. It will linger, because Hurd sees beauty in a dust storm, challenge in the parched desert, and ghostly life in a crumbling shack, a broken fence the fragments of a man's dream.

The Old Precisionist

At 81, with his right arm paralyzed, Charles Sheeler is nearly beyond accolades. Like blueprints of a new aesthetic, his precision paintings were the *reductio ad minimum* of the machine age. He mixed the academicism of his teacher, William Merritt Chase, with the cubist masters, made a living as a photographer until his immaculate industrial visions caught on. He could refine the reality of a locomotive's monstrous driving wheels so that even when they are frozen in two dimensions, their tremendous momentum leaps out.

A stroke stopped Sheeler's production in 1959. Some of his last works, now on view in Manhattan's Downtown Gallery, show that his precise touch never faltered. The 14 paintings are executed in tempera on small Plexiglas plates, something he often did before expanding them on large canvases. Some seem like multiple-photo exposures of oil refineries, lonely steelcapes gyrating in the sky. Others are pure scenery, where patchy foliage parts to let a background watercolor peep through the Plexiglas.

Sheeler's fame in U.S. art history is already assured. Hard-edge and pop artists today acknowledge that they owe a clear debt to him. But he was "deeply moved by the response of the youngest generation," aged seven to twelve years, who have rated him No. 1 among such company as Cézanne, Franz Kline, Ben Shahn, Van Gogh and Robert Indiana. Some 300 children at U.C.L.A.'s University Elementary School preferred slides of Sheeler's work to those of any other artist. Their art teacher suggested last year that they write to the artist and tell him so. Their letters are among Sheeler's most treasured critical notices.

Wrote Carol Rogers, 9: "I always recognize your paintings because they give me a quiet, lonely, deserted feeling." Paul Rangell, 9, wrote: "The reason I like your art is you put mathematics in it." "I like your paintings because they're clean and weird," wrote Francis Sidney Howard Goldwyn, 10. "Not weird scary but weird unusual." One eight-year-old had a request. "I can draw a ruler-perfect picture too," wrote Larry Spronks. "You can make it so you can't tell what it's doing. I can't. What kind of ruler do you use?"

PETER HURD'S NEW MEXICO



"EVE OF ST. JOHN," painted four years ago, shows Dorotea Herrera, then 12, the daughter of Hurd's retired ranch foreman, carrying candle on way to church festival.



"JANUARY," one of the sequence depicting New Mexico month by month, on which the artist is still working, conjures up the awesome bleakness of isolated ranch life.



"APRIL." finished last year, shows part of Hurd's own ranch when the whole countryside is touched with green and the apple orchard has suddenly blossomed.

STANLEY W. COMPANY

"LANDSCAPE WITH POLO PLAYERS," done in 1936, recalls days when Hurd and ranch hands first started playing cow-pony polo on old Indian campsite.



CINEMA

Sure-Footed Fleeing

Banana Peel has a plot as tricky as its title. Named after a race horse, this free French comedy of crime and blandishment gives the beast a mere nod during the opening credits, then plunges into an orgy of intrigues on a pretty fast track. Viewers may occasionally wish they had a pony to keep abreast of what is happening. But they will never lose interest, thanks to two shrewd performers, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jeanne Moreau, under direction from Marcel Ophüls (son of Max).

Belmondo plays a bass fiddle until Moreau, his former wife, lures him into a role as confidence man. Her goal is to set up a double swindle that will avenge her dead father, whose career was ruined 20 years earlier when he built a dam of rather flimsy concrete supplied by unscrupulous partners. On an offshore island, the first victim is soon shelling out 40 million francs for rights to a sandy beach he already owns. Then, in sunny Nice, Partner No. 2 (Gert Frobe, the Goldfinger of *Goldfinger*) finds himself jowl-deep in violence, sham infidelity, fixed races and drugged thoroughbreds ostensibly doctored by Belmondo, posing as a German veterinarian who possesses "Inca secrets from plants in Peru." The sucker is soon poorer by 60 million.

Though *Banana Peel* looks slipshod at times, it is mostly a bravura display of brightly stylish footwork. Befuddled, blackjacked, or held head down in a pool, Belmondo spins athletically through a series of double and triple crosses, showing more bounce per trounce than any leading man of his class. On the final bounce, it is inevitably Moreau who catches him. The minx with a perpetual *moue*, she sings, dances, suddenly flashes her searslight smile over an unpromising patch of script—and the lost art of ultrasophisticated comedy springs to life on the instant. She seems more assured than ever as a chic dissembler who has hung by her fingernails through

many a tight squeak. As one swindle takes shape, she dryly murmurs to Belmondo: "Be there at 3:08 sharp—I'll be working without a net." Working together, they prove again that one sure way to fill out a meager movie is to feed it a couple of top bananas.

Homicidal Bash

How to Murder Your Wife is a nimble comedy that doesn't make much sense because it makes nonsense, most of it screechingly funny and played by knockabouts who know that the slapstick was invented for keeping an idea aloft, not for beating it into the ground. Jack Lemmon, too often compelled to flail around in houndoirs as the All-American lecher, demonstrates that he can wipe the leer off his face and make homicidal impulses more hilarious than hard breathing.

Scene of the crime is an improbable Manhattan town house where Cartoonist Lemmon, abetted by his man Friday, Terry-Thomas, draws a James Bondish comic strip called *Bash Brannigan*. The place is a boy's garden of sex and violence. "No gay little chintzes, no big gunky lamps, the complete absence of a woman's touch," glouts Terry-Thomas. But one night at a bachelor dinner, someone wheels in a gigantic cake that gives forth a frosted blonde (Virna Lisi), and Lemmon, anesthetized by alcohol, begins to chew his cheeks like a man cutting a sweet tooth.

Next morning, beside himself, he finds the blonde—with a wedding ring on her finger. He has not only had his cake, he has married her too. Some joke, he begins bravely. How would she like a divorce? The blonde smiles agreeably and noncommittally shrugs: "*Non capisco*." She no speek Engleesh. He *non parla Italiano*.

After that crisis, *Wife* amiably describes how a fighting-trim bachelor becomes a fat, happy benedict. Lemmon's lady smothers him with love and stuffs him with pasta until he has rings under his eyes and a bulge over his belt. Dragging his paunch through the men's-



VIKINA LISI IN "MURDER"
Lesson in body English.

club swimming pool, he makes the mere act of floating seem a wry comment on the leaden responsibilities of marriage. Even *Bash Brannigan* evolves into a folksy domestic series called *The Brannigans*. Finally, Lemmon rebels. Both he and Bash decide to dispose of their mates by dumping them (Brrrr! Blast!) into cement mixers. "A tomb of gloom from a gloppeta-gloppeta machine," he schemes dreamily.

In the murder plot itself, and the mock trial that follows it, Writer George Axelrod (*The Seven Year Itch*) and Director Richard Quine make the mistake of thinking that the muse of comedy is a rubber-limbed contortionist, and sometimes stretch the fun to the breaking point. Luckily, the supporting cast shows such spirit that Lemmon has to work hard for his share of the laughs. As the gentlemen's gentleman who would not hesitate one moment to help rub out a superfluous lady, Terry-Thomas hyperphenates the movie with tomfoolery, holding whole scenes together by letting his face fall apart like a piece of shattered Limoges.

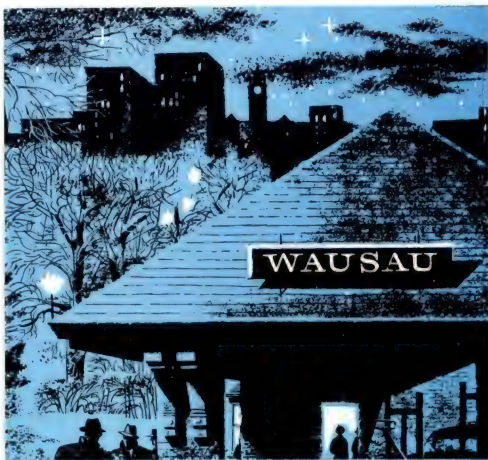
A bigger surprise is Italian Actress Lisi, an import whose dramatic talent graced two dozen European films before Hollywood discovered her smartly turned sense of humor. Speaking scant English, newly blonde and lacquered to the customary high gloss, she translates her U.S. movie debut into a triumph of personality that will probably establish a long-term policy of lend-Lisi. She is devastating to behold as a centerpiece, though she somehow makes hard-sell sex seem at least as classy as caviar. She is delightful to listen to when she explains with gestures the stunning miscarriage of justice by which she lost a beauty contest. And her party dance, an uninhibited display of body English atop a piano, should provide a semester or two of isometric homework for the eager starlets who used to emulate Marilyn Monroe.



BELMONDO & MOREAU IN "BANANA PEEL"
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RELIGION

ECUMENISM

Blake's Second Thoughts

Eugene Carson Blake's 1960 proposal to merge four major Protestant churches into one seemed a lightning flash illuminating a hopeful abstraction, an exciting new vision. Now the Stated Clerk of the United Presbyterian Church sees his idea as more possible than before, more urgent than ever, and beset by subtle dangers. Last Sunday, shortly after returning from a meeting of the World Council of Churches' Central Committee in Nigeria, he went to San Francisco's Grace Episcopal Cathedral, where he had first called for a united church "truly catholic, truly reformed, truly evangelical," and spoke his second thoughts.

Miraculous Renewal. Blake's original idea was for his own Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, the Methodists and the United Church of Christ—who have since been joined by the Disciples of Christ and the Evangelical United Brethren—to undertake a series of theological conversations exploring the possibility of union. Two good omens for the future, said Blake, are the favorable response to his suggestion from those churches, and the "amazing and miraculous renewal" of Roman Catholicism visible at the Second Vatican Council, which "has made more important and urgent the effort to unite major Protestant churches."

Yet other developments, Blake said, may have diminished the prospect of merger, and he warned that "church union delayed is church union denied." One is the tendency of U.S. churches to become involved in their own worldwide confessional relationships. The Episcopalians, for example, are committed to help weaker Anglican churches abroad through a "mutual responsibility" program that was proposed at the Toronto Anglican Congress in 1963.

The churches' participation in the civ-

il rights revolution has united a wide variety of Christians committed to equal justice for the Negro; it has also raised the threat of denominational schism between the socially concerned and those who feel that their church should stay out of politics. Finally, warned Blake, union is threatened by lethargy and by "an actual hardening of opposition to church union proposals"—most notably, although Blake did not say it, among Methodists.

Outmoded Triumphalism. "To put dead churches together," warned Blake, "to unite dying or faithless bodies, is not to produce a union in obedience to Jesus Christ." Thus he argues that "we must be against any church union that is established at the expense of truth"—any union that denies the insights of "our several traditions." Equally deplorable would be union undertaken in a spirit of "outmoded triumphalism"—seeking to dominate the world rather than serve it.

Finally, Blake declared that "we must be against any church union that would in any way threaten the ecumenical movement" or diminish the obligation to cooperate with the many Christian bodies—ranging from Roman Catholicism to Pentecostal sects—that would remain outside the merger Blake proposed. The only truly Christian union, he concluded, would be one undertaken in humility, mutual forbearance, and a genuinely selfless love.

Geneva to Rome

Even before Blake suggested that Protestantism should consider the impact of Roman Catholic renewal on the ecumenical movement, the World Council of Churches was acting on the need. At the end of its annual meeting last week in Enugu, Nigeria, the council's 100-man Central Committee voted to

establish with the Vatican a joint working committee to discover areas of interfaith cooperation.

Justification for the historic step came from Swiss Reformed Theologian Lukas Vischer, 34, in a report on the third session of the Vatican Council. Vischer, a World Council observer at Vatican II since its beginning, argued that despite the reluctance of some conservative Catholics to build links with other churches, the council's decree on ecumenism "is an obvious effort to overcome the estrangement of centuries and bring about a relationship of mutual respect and understanding. Whether we like it or not, we find ourselves in fellowship with the Roman Catholic Church. Withdrawal into our own domestic affairs is simply out of the question. We must work for dialogue and encounter," Vischer concluded, and proposed that "dialogue should begin here and now."

The committee agreed. Without a dissenting vote the church representatives decided to set up an eight-man working group that will eventually meet with a six-man committee appointed by the Vatican to discuss such issues as collaboration in charitable endeavors, joint theological studies on ecumenical relations, ways to resolve such abrasive interfaith problems as mixed marriages and religious liberty. The central committee also approved the idea of a regular exchange of visits between Rome and World Council headquarters in Geneva, which could lead to an exchange of permanent representatives.

All this, of course, was subject to agreement by the Vatican. But of that there seemed little doubt, since the World Council proposal had been approved in principle by the Vatican's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity during six months of secret discussion last year. Said French Dominican Theologian Jérôme Hamer, one of Rome's official observers at Enugu: "Beyond all doubt, this is a step forward."



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JUDAISM

The Atheist Rabbi

Out of respect for the sacred name, some devout Jews never pronounce the Hebrew word for God. Rabbi Shernan Wine, 36, of Birmingham Temple in the Detroit suburbs, has another reason for not mentioning the deity: he cannot prove that God exists. To the consternation and dismay of his fellow Reform rabbis, Wine publicly declares, "I am an atheist," and has expunged the name of God from all services at his temple. Wine is a rather special sort of atheist. Technically, he calls himself an "agnostic," which Wine defines as someone who will only accept the truth of statements that can be empirically proved. "I find no adequate reason to accept the existence of a supreme person," he in-



IGNOSTIC WINE
God? Prove it.

sists, although he is willing to change his mind if new evidence appears. Believing that "man's destiny and fulfillment" are more important than the idea of a deity, Wine has rewritten the Reform ritual to give it a more humanistic cast. At Friday evening services, for example, "You shall love the Lord your God," becomes: "We revere the best in man." Wine has eliminated the Shema, the traditional Jewish confession of faith in God.

A former Army chaplain in Korea, Wine studied philosophy at the University of Michigan, graduated from Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College in 1956. Two years ago, he urged a group of Detroit Jews who were doubtful of their faith to start their own congregation. Last July, after the expiration of his contract at Temple Beth-El in Windsor, Ont., Wine moved across the river to serve as their rabbi. Since then, Birmingham Temple has grown from eight families to more than 140, most of them young couples.

The congregation generally finds



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Wine's godless, empirical approach inspiring. Says Attorney Merrill Miller: "He has made religion the most meaningful experience for me in terms of ethical and moral decisions." Other rabbis in Detroit, however, think that Wine is an immature sensationalist, and the schedule of his weekly sermons has been struck from the local Jewish News. Pittsburgh's Rabbi Solomon Freehof, one of Reform Judaism's leading theologians, suggests that Wine ought to drop all pretenses entirely and call his Birmingham Temple the "rationalist as-

sociation of Detroit." "When he uses the title rabbi and the term synagogue or temple," says Rabbi Freehof, "he is luring in new members by false and heartless pretenses."

Wine's critics can do little more than complain unless the Birmingham Temple votes him out of office. The Central Conference of American Rabbis, the governing body of the Reform Rabbinate to which Wine belongs, has no provision in its bylaws for defrocking theologically errant clergymen, even those who don't believe in God.

MILESTONES

Born. To Winston Spencer Churchill, 24, Sir Winston's eldest grandson and namesake, now a BBC broadcaster, and Minnie d'Erlanger, 24, daughter of BOAC's former chairman: their first child, a son; in London.

Born. To Peter Sellers, 39, kinetic British comedian (30 films in ten years; among them *Dr. Strangelove*, *A Shot in the Dark*), and Second Wife Britt Ekland, 22, blonde Swedish screen star: a daughter (this third child); in London.

Divorced. Baron Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza, 43, heir to a \$45 million West German coal and steel fortune; by Fiona Campbell-Walter, 32, onetime London fashion model; after eight years of marriage, two children; in Lugano, Switzerland.

Divorced. Madeleine Carroll, 59, beautiful British-born star of the 1930s and '40s (*The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *Café Society*); by Andrew Heiskell, 49, board chairman of Time Inc.; on grounds of desertion; after 15 years of marriage, one child; in Litchfield, Conn.

Died. Alan Freed, 43, big daddy of rock 'n' roll in the mid-1950s, making as much as \$200,000 a year on radio and TV until he was caught accepting some \$30,000 in record-company payola in 1959, got a six months' suspended sentence and faded from earshot; of uremia; in Palm Springs, Calif.

Died. John McCulloch Spencer, 47, Vermont Democratic politician who in 1962 was campaign manager in the upset election of Governor Philip Hoff (Vermont's first Democrat in 107 years), last year suddenly resigned as Hoff's chief aide and state party chairman with a public announcement that he was an incurable alcoholic; of cirrhosis of the liver; in Gardner, Mass.

Died. William Buckingham, 62, research engineer for Western Union Telegraph Co., who in 1961 developed the U.S. Nuclear Bomb Warning System, which is installed in 99 target areas and will, through supersensitive photoelectric devices, instantly pick up the first heat and light waves from a nuclear

explosion, thus alerting military commanders moments before it and all other communication systems are knocked out; of cancer; in Southampton, N.Y.

Died. Arthur Pew Jr., 66, grandson of Sun Oil Co. Founder Joseph Pew, and one of the five Pews on Sunoco's board of directors, who in 1933 as vice president in charge of manufacturing gave French Chemist Eugene Houdry the labs and financial backing that led to the Houdry catalytic refining process, which produced the first high octane gas; of a heart attack; in Philadelphia.

Died. Maurice Pate, 70, co-founder and executive director of UNICEF, a career relief worker who with Herbert Hoover in 1946 organized the United Nations' International Children's Emergency Fund, which now operates as a health, education and welfare program in 116 nations on a \$30 million annual budget, more than \$2,000,000 of which it gets from "trick or treat" Halloween boxes and \$2,250,000 from its Christmas and greeting cards; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Pierre Cardinal Gerlier, 85, Archbishop of Lyons, early advocate of ecumenism, champion of French worker-priests, and central figure in French Agnostic Edouard Herriot's 1957 deathbed conversion to Roman Catholicism; of a heart attack; in Lyons.

Died. Nick Altrock, 88, baseball buffoon, a fair-to-middling American League pitcher (84-75) who in 1921 with fellow Washington Senator Al Schacht decided to play it for laughs, devised a pre-game routine of pretzel-armed pitching and pratfall base running that helped pack the parks for twelve years, even though, for reasons neither wanted to talk about, the two men spoke not a word to each other from 1927 on; in Washington.

Died. Fred Dickinson Letts, 89, retired judge of Washington, D.C.'s U.S. District Court, who in 1958 set up the three-man board of "monitors" that for three years watched over Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters; of a heart attack; in Washington.



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BOOKS

Poems Split from Granite

By the simple expedient of picking top poets and giving them a useful chunk of cash, the Bollingen Prize in Poetry has established itself in the relatively short span of 16 years as probably the most highly regarded of U.S. literary awards. Since 1948, when a distinguished jury stirred a furor by awarding the initial prize to Ezra



HORACE GREGORY
More pewter than gold.

Pound," the list of Bollingen winners has amounted to a virtual roll call of U.S. poetic merit. Among them: Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, W. H. Auden, Conrad Aiken, William Carlos Williams, Theodore Roethke. After the 1962 award to Robert Frost, the frequency of the prize was cut to every two years, but the prize money doubled to \$5,000. Now the first poet to win the enriched Bollingen has been announced: the relatively unknown Horace Gregory, 66.

Civilized Barbarians. Gregory is a difficult but rewarding combination: a poet of classical, almost Roman temperament who speaks in a modern voice. Milwaukee-born, Gregory concentrated on Latin and English literature at the University of Wisconsin, published translations of Catullus at the beginning of his writing career, and went back to translating in the past decade with satisfying selections from Ovid. He taught at Sarah Lawrence for 26 years until sickness forced him to retire in 1960. His first original poems were sketches and dramatic

monologues of working-class New Yorkers just as the Depression began, and though his vision has become more complex, he has continued to be characteristically a poet of 20th century urban alienation, of "the straight, the narrow city, careless goddess" and "the civilized barbarians of the street," where even the oldest inhabitants must make the odd, damning admission, "Yes, I live here: I'm a stranger here myself."

The marriage of classical mood and modern idiom at the heart of his work has not proved easy for Gregory: his lifetime output numbers fewer than 100 poems, none of them long. But at its best, the combination demonstrates consuming intelligence and sinewy strength. In his own phrase, his art can be "fire that flames upon an iron tree," and his poems are often

*Gifts grown from moist grasses, split
Granite, or from difficult places
where*

No life seems to stir.

Strong Music. The life that stirs in his lines—even in the rare love poems or the many graveyard tributes to the dead—often seems a creation of the proud will, not the passions. But for the careful ear there is strong music, cool and casually regular. Gregory is a highly professional craftsman who has chosen to work mostly in silver and pewter and dull bronze, rarely in gold. His muse is a plain girl, easily overlooked in flashy company—but the eye wanders back to her, for she has perfect skin, fine bones, a direct, grey gaze and a clear mind.

To Feel What Wretches Feel

WHITE LOTUS by John Hersey. 683 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

It's too bad about John Hersey. He asked for the silver tongue; he was given the golden touch. He longed to write great novels that would endure for centuries; he has written magnificent volumes of journalism that make the Book of the Month Club. *Into the Valley and Hiroshima* are classics of reportage. All Hersey's best novels (*A Bell for Adano*, *The Wall*, *A Single Pebble*) are lightly fictionalized feature stories lifted from current history. His worst novels (*The Marmot Drive*, *The Child Buyer*) are non-journalistic creations of an uncreative imagination. But even in the bad novels Author Hersey has always tried terribly hard to make literature. In *White Lotus*, he apparently tried only to make the Book of the Month Club.

Well, he made it—partly because he is John Hersey, partly because the book encapsulates an acute contemporary controversy in an ingenious historical allegory. The controversy is the race question, and the allegory supposes that millions of white Americans are forced to experience what millions of black Amer-

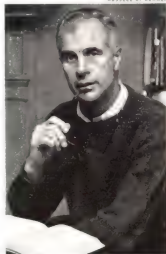
icans have experienced during the last two centuries. The reader is invited to see how the whites like it and to conclude that turnabout is unfair play.

Happiness into Hatred. In Hersey's scheme, two centuries collapse into a decade, roughly coinciding with the '20s. Imperial China conquers the U.S., and the yellow hordes shanghai whole populations to the Asian mainland. The heroine, a teen-ager in Arizona, is seized by whitebirders and transported to Peking, where she is sold to a high official and assigned to his wife as a body slave.

At the outset, she is a normal, healthy little wasp who hums happily about her village. But in just a few weeks of slavery she develops most of the characteristics commonly adduced to denigrate U.S. Negroes. Treated as an inferior, she acquires a painful inferiority complex. She loathes herself for being white, and to punish herself she consorts with the filthiest white trash she can find. But even more than she loathes herself she hates the yellows, and to punish them she lies, cheats and steals.

Sold to the owner of a small plantation, she takes part in a slave revolt and is sold again to a dirt farmer, where she works in the fields all day and lies in the woods all night with a big white buck from a neighboring farm. One night her man attempts to escape from his cruel master and is torn to pieces by Chinese bloodhounds. In despair, the heroine flees by a sort of Underground Railway known as "The Mole's Way." To her astonishment, she discovers that a civil war is raging in China: at the end of it, all the slaves are freed.

Epigram into Epic. Legal freedom, of course, does not abolish economic bondage. The heroine shacks up with a tenant farmer and watches a greedy landlord grind him down. Demoralized and dispossessed, the couple drifts to the big city and dissolves into a vast white slum remarkably like Harlem. At the climax, both are caught up in street riots and



JOHN HERSEY
More *psora* than *sycee*.



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tandup strikes that gradually evolve into an effective drive for racial equality.

Hersey's moral is clearly commendable; his methods are not. The point of the piece can be made in an epigram, but the author covers almost 700 pages with illustrative incident. Most of it is irrelevant. Some of it is so dull it couldn't even be used in the Hollywood epic this novel seems destined to become. And all of it is expounded in prose that sounds like something clumsily translated from an obscure Chinese dialect. A big man has "weamore stature." One who defecates "voids his inner pouches." A waning moon is called a "cuticle moon." And whenever Hersey needs an idea and can't find one—it happens all the time—he uses a big word instead: cangue, coiffe, fulvous, hame, jingal, liripipe, metayer, panyar, purlin, psora, shroff, sycee. Anyway, the words are more interesting than the characters. As Author Hersey describes them, not even a white reader can tell the white people apart.

The Survivor

THE WORLD OF JOSEPHUS by G. A. Williamson. 318 pp. Little, Brown. 56

Two of the most momentous centuries in the history of the Jewish people would be almost a total blank were it not for the writings of one incredibly durable historian: Flavius Josephus. Only the New Testament and a few other fragments deal with the period 100 B.C.-A.D. 100; yet posterity has not thanked Josephus for his labors. One writer recently accused him of "cowardice, duplicity, treason, arrogance, deviousness, horrifying brutality and foul deception"; and historians have agreed that he was at least a traitor to the Jewish people.

For Josephus was a turncoat. During the savage Roman-Jewish war that destroyed the Jewish state and scattered its people around the world, Josephus expediently forsook his Jewish citizenship to become a Roman. In countless apologies, he argued that his aim was not to save his skin but to convince his countrymen that their defeat was inevitable. Later, as a court favorite in Rome, he turned out voluminous histories extolling the grandeur of the Roman Empire. But while rendering unto Caesar, he was a lucid, readable historian, whose chronicles are packed with largely reliable political and social detail.

Jewish Roulette. Biographer G. A. Williamson, a British classical scholar, has more to say about Josephus' times than about the man. Indeed, all that is known about his life comes from Josephus' own account. Born in A.D. 37 in Roman-ruled Palestine, Josephus

Definitions for bryophiles: cangue—a wooden yoke in which criminals are confined; coiffe—a slave caravan; fulvous—tawny; hame—part of a harness; jingal—a primitive cannon; liripipe—pendent part of a hood; metayer—sharecropper; panyar—to abduct; purlin—horizontal roof beam; psora—an itch; shroff—coin tester; sycee—silver in ingots.



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grew up in a fervently religious household and joined the priesthood at 18. When the Jews rebelled in 66 A.D., Josephus was sent to defend the region of Galilee. Though nearly all his troops deserted him, Josephus made a stubborn last stand in the cliff-perched city of Jotapata. The garrison held out for 47 blood-soaked days against a vastly superior Roman force commanded by Vespasian, the earthy, upright soldier who had earlier helped conquer Britain.

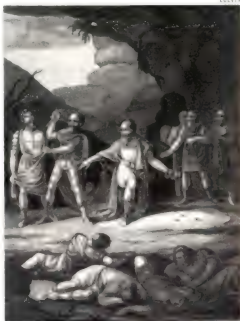
When Vespasian finally took the citadel, Josephus went into hiding with 40 other Jews in a cave beneath the city. His companions were resolved to resist to the death, but Josephus, impressed in spite of himself by Roman might and discipline, wanted to surrender. To solve the impasse, Josephus proposed a kind of Jewish roulette: they would kill each other, one by one, by drawing lots: the survivor would then kill himself. As it turned out, Josephus, by chance or cheating, survived; he promptly scampered out and gave himself up.

Brought before Vespasian, Josephus pleaded for his life by relating a dream he had had: Vespasian would become Emperor of Rome. Vespasian was so delighted by the news that he set Josephus up in style and provided him with a wife; in turn, Josephus spent the rest of the war trying to persuade the Jews to surrender. He believed it to be God's will that Rome, the mightier culture, should prevail. In their bullheadedness, the Jews ignored the classic portents of disaster: chariots darting through the clouds, a cow giving birth to a lamb in the Temple of Herod. When Palestine was finally crushed, its people scattered in the Diaspora that was to be their fate for nearly 19 centuries, Josephus, the survivor, coolly observed: "Such were the agonies to which the Jews condemned themselves."

A New Religion. In Rome, a happier prophecy also came true: Vespasian became Emperor. As a protégé of the court, Josephus was able to devote the rest of his life to his massive histories: *The Jewish War*, and *Antiquities*, a 20-volume history of the Jews. While fulsomely admiring his adopted country, Josephus sought to explain and vindicate the Jewish people, to communicate the unique sense of theocracy (he is credited with coining the word) that was to pervade the Christian world. He wrote: "The whole nation is fashioned for religion. Practices which other nations call mysteries and sacred rites, but are unable to keep up for more than a few days, we keep up with joy and unshakable determination throughout our lives."

Josephus lived in relative ease until

his death circa 100, somehow surviving the change in emperors and sporadic attacks on his character by both Romans and Jews. He also remained true to his faith, convinced of the ultimate "Providence of God." Though Christianity spread throughout the known world in Josephus' lifetime, he treated the new religion with the detachment of a historian and a Pharisee: there had been no end of self-professed Messiahs in the years before the Diaspora. But Jesus, according to *Antiquities*, was "a very able man, if man is the right word;



JOSEPHUS IN CAVE
Prophecies in Galilee, rewards in Rome.

for he was a worker of miracles, a teacher of those who were glad to hear the truth, and he won over many Jews and many Gentiles. And the group called Christians after him is not extinct now."

Also Current

THE GREAT DEBATE by Raymond Aron. 265 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95.

With lucidity and quiet understatement, the distinguished French pundit sifts the various theories of nuclear deterrence—U.S., Soviet, European—that have transformed the nature of war and diplomacy. In the past, Aron points out, war was simply the last stage of strategy. Clausewitz' "extension of politics." Now, as in the 1962 Cuban confrontation, the great powers are committed to a war of bluff in which strategists insist that the bluff must never be called or war declared. "For the first time in history," writes Aron, "entire weapons systems, developed at the cost of billions of dollars, are retired without ever having been put to any but purely diplomatic use; or we might say that their purpose is precisely to render their military use superfluous." As for

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Charles de Gaulle's *force de frappe*, Aron argues that it reflects a new Maginot Line psychology, seeking security behind a pitifully inadequate nuclear arsenal that could conceivably invite attack. Aron is not necessarily opposed to France's nuclear force if it is accepted as a hedge against the "unpredictability of future diplomacy," but he scoffs at the notion that this "symbol of patriotic pride" could ever be a credible substitute for the U.S. deterrent.

AMERICAN ASPECTS by Denis W. Brogan. 195 pages. Harper & Row, \$4.

Astonishingly enough, neither Oxford nor Cambridge offers a course in U.S. history alone. But Britain has D. W. Brogan, 64, an amiable Americanologist-at-large who has exhaustively studied the U.S. past and present, has spent years working and traveling through the land, and has written some of the most perceptive books about the Republic (*The American Character*, *Government of the People*) by any British author since Lord Bryce. In this discursive, diverting collection of essays, Brogan discusses the Civil War, Henry Adams, Teddy Roosevelt, and Dwight Eisenhower. He is surprisingly tolerant of such institutions as the freeway, perhaps overgenerous in ascribing to U.S. foreign policy a kind of global Good Samaritanism. But Brogan also avuncularly warns that from Africa to Asia, "very imperfect solutions are all that can be hoped for, and the pursuit of perfection can end—and usually will end—in deception and disillusion."

THE CLOWN by Heinrich Böll. 247 pages. McGraw-Hill, \$5.

Thanks to West Germany's 20-year statute of limitations, Nazi war criminals will be safe from prosecution after May. Then responsibility for the nation's conscience will rest largely in the hands of Germany's postwar novelists, whose attempts to comprehend the unsavory past have produced such memorable fiction as Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum* and Heinrich Böll's *Billiards at Half-Past Nine*. In *The Clown*, Böll tells the story of Hans Schnier, a young professional pantomimist who specializes (like his author) in satirizing German complacency. Schnier is in desperate straits: his mistress Marie has left him, his bookings have dried up, he is broke. For almost the entire novel he sits by the telephone, appealing to his family and friends. But when he asks for help—a loan, a job, information about Marie, a kind word—he gets nothing. Thus the novel assembles a bitterly accurate rogues' gallery of German types, all so cheerily conniving to forget how they once so cheerily connived with the Nazis. Yet Böll lacks the slashing, ultimately healing fury of Günter Grass. *The Clown* comes to an abrupt end when the hero, stripped of hope, puts on his whiteface makeup and goes out to beg among the costumed crowds of the Rhineland's Fasching revels.

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